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Ludwig Börne:

RECOLLECTIONS OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

BY

Heinrich Heine.

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BY

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OBSERVATION.

To CREATE AN INTEREST in this book, it is not necessary to know anything more of Börne than may be gathered from its pages. The name, the political events, and the writings which gave him notoriety, must be now well-nigh forgotten even in Germany; but these strictures upon the man and the times with which he was connected must always remain an amusing example of Heine's method of handling such subjects, of his humour, and of his style. I feel that the word style leaves a blot open which may be hit, but I must abide the verdict of those who know, and who, standing a bit off from the canvas, are perhaps better judges than the painter. I have left the translation nearly as I wrote it off, thinking that a certain smack of foreign idiom and construction lent a somewhat piquant flavour, which seemed likely to be lost when attempts were made to polish up too much.

T. S. E.

LUDWIG BÖRNE.

FIRST BOOK.

It was in the year 1815 after the birth of Christ that the name of Börne first met my ear. I found myself with my late father at Frankfort fair, whither he had taken me, that I might have a look about me in the world; it gives a polish. A great sight was there afforded me. In what they call the booths at the upper end of the Zeil I saw the wax figures, the wild beasts, and other remarkable works of nature and art. My father also showed me the big shops, Christian as well as Jewish, where one buys the goods ten per cent under prime cost, and yet always gets cheated. He also pointed out to me the town-hall, the Römer, where the German emperors were bought, also ten per cent under prime cost. The article has now quite gone out. Once my father took

me into the reading-room of one of the Δ or Π lodges, where he often supped, drank coffee, played cards and transacted other free-masonry business. Whilst deeply immersed in the perusal of the newspapers, a young man who sat near me whispered softly in my ear:

"That is Doctor Börne who writes against the actors!"

As I looked up, I saw a man who was moving up and down in the room apparently searching for some journal or other, and who soon afterwards opened the door and went out. Short as his stay, yet the whole manner of the man remained firmly fixed in my memory, and to this day I could describe him with diplomatic fidelity. He wore a closely fitting black coat, which still retained the gloss of newness, and a dazzling white shirt; he did not however wear them like a dandy, but with an easy carelessness, if not with an absolute indifference, which plainly said that he had not busied himself long at the glass with the knot of the white cravat, and that he had put on the coat as soon as the tailor brought it home, without caring particularly whether it was too tight or too loose.

In figure he seemed neither tall nor short, neither thin nor fat, his face was neither red nor pale, but of a reddish paleness or palish redness, and what was chiefly to be noticed in it was a certain assumption of superiority, a kind of disdain, such as we find in men who feel themselves better than their position, but doubt about people allowing it. It was not that quiet majesty which we can detect in the countenance of a king, or a man of genius, who is hiding incognito among the crowd; it was much rather that revolutionary, more or less Titanic dissatisfaction which may be observed in the faces of pretenders of all kinds. His presence, his movements, his step had something sure, determined, characteristic. Is it possible that extraordinary persons are invisibly surrounded by the emanations of their genius? Is our intelligence conscious of an atmosphere like that which our mortal eyes cannot see? Does the moral lightning in these remarkable people work perhaps electrically on the young, as yet unblunted, intellects which come near them, as material lightning works on cats? I know not how, but a spark from the eye of that man touched me, and I never forgot that touch, and never forgot Doctor Börne, who wrote against the actors.

Yes, in those days he was a theatrical critic, and exercised his talents on the heroes of the boarded world. As my university friend, Dieffenbach, when we were students together at Bonn, whenever he caught hold of a dog or a cat, immediately cut off its tail, for the pure pleasure of cutting, a thing which displeased us greatly at the time, the poor brutes used to howl so piteously, but which we afterwards readily forgave him, since that love of cutting made him the greatest operator in Germany: so Börne tried his first experiments on actors, and to many a piece of juvenile wantonness, of which he was then guilty towards the Heigels, Weidners, and such like innocent animals, who since then have run about without their tails, may be attributed the far more important service which he rendered in later years by his sharp criticisms as a great political operator.

It was Varnhagen von Ense, who, some ten years after the occurrence I have mentioned, again brought the name of Börne to my recollection, and gave me some of the man's compositions to read. The tone in which he recommended their perusal was somewhat marked, and the smile which hung around the lips of his

wife, Rachel, who was present, that well-known, curiously sad smile full of hidden meaning, gave to the recommendation still greater weight. It was not only with regard to literary matters that Rachel appeared to be well informed about Börne, and it was on this occasion, I remember, that she asserted: there were letters in existence which Börne had addressed to a very dear friend, and in which his enthusiastic, lofty mind spoke out even more brilliantly than in his published writings. Rachel also remarked upon his style, and that in words, which anyone unacquainted with her way of talking might greatly misunderstand; she said: "Börne can no more write than I or Jean Paul." By writing namely she understood the calm arrangement, so to speak the editing, of the thoughts, the logical manipulation of the parts of speech, in short, that art of constructing periods, which she so enthusiastically admired as well in Goethe as in her husband, and about which we used almost daily to carry on the most instructive arguments. The prose of to-day, I may here remark in passing, has not been created without much effort, deliberation, divergence of thought and labour. Rachel perhaps liked Börne all the more that she equally belonged to those authors, who, when they desire

to write well, always require to have their passions roused, to be in a kind of mental intoxication. Bacchantes of the thought who reel after the god in divine inebriation. But with all her predilection for congenial natures, she still entertained the profoundest admiration for those thoughtful modellers of the word who could handle, and as it were plastically represent all their ideas, feelings and views, dissevered from the teeming soul. Unlike that great woman, Börne entertained the deepest aversion for that method of representation; trammeled by his subjective notions he could not comprehend objective freedom, the method of Goethe, and artistic form he held to be want of imagination: he resembled the child, who having no notion of the glowing sense in a Grecian statue, only touches the marble form and complains of cold.

As I here by anticipation speak of the dislike which Börne entertained for Goethe's method of representation, it will at once be guessed that even in those days the former's way of writing did not meet with my unqualified approbation. It is not my business to expose the faults of that manner, and indeed any explanation of what most displeased me in that style would only be

understood by very few. I will but observe this much, that to write finished prose, among other things a great mastery of metrical form is requisite. Without that mastery the prose writer is deficient in a certain rythm; compound words, expressions, cæsuras, and idioms, which are only admissible in poetical pieces, escape him, and a subtle dissonance is created, which offends all who have very fine ears, however few their number.

But in whatever degree I may have felt inclined to find fault with the dress, with the mere style of Börne's writing, and to look upon the short sentences of his prose, particularly where he is not describing but reasoning, as betraying a childish incapacity; yet I always rendered full justice to the contents, to the main substance of his compositions; I respected the originality, the love of truth, above all the lofty character, manifested throughout the whole of them, and since that I never again lost their author out of my memory. I had been told that he still lived as usual at Frankfort, and some years subsequently, Anno 1827, having to pass through that city on my way to Munich, I fully made up my mind to pay Dr. Börne a visit

at his own house. In this I succeeded, though not till after much inquiry and fruitless search; wherever I asked for him, people looked at me with surprise, and seemed either really to know little about him, or to trouble themselves still less; and that in his native town. How remarkable! If at a distance we hear of a city where this or that great man is living, we naturally think of him as the centre of that city, and that the very roofs would be lighted up with his fame. How great, then, is our astonishment on arriving in the place itself and using every means to discover the great man, we find it is not to be achieved without endless trouble and long search among the seething crowd. So the traveller sees the lofty cathedral of a city while yet a long way off; but on arriving actually within the walls it is lost again to sight, and not till after wandering to and fro, through many winding, narrow by-streets, does the tall edifice come once more to view, surrounded by the shops and houses which had kept it completely hidden.

On asking after Börne at the small shop of an optician, he answered me with a knowing shake of the head: "Where Dr. Börne lives I cannot say, but Madame Wohl lives in the Woll-

graben." An old red-haired maid-servant, whom I also questioned, gave me at last the desired information, adding with a smile of satisfaction: "I live servant with Madame Wohl's mother."

I had some difficulty in again recognising the man whose former appearance was still floating vividly in my memory. No longer any traces of dissatisfied superiority and disappointed pride. I now saw a contented little man, very delicate, but not ailing; a little bit of a head with black hair, on his cheeks actually a tinge of red, the light brown eyes very lively, good humour in every look, in every gesture, also in tone. He had on a knitted jacket of gray wool, which, fitting tight like a coat of mail, gave him a quaint and comical look. He received me with a hearty welcome, and seemed quite pleased; three minutes had not passed and we had fallen into the most confidential discourse. Of what did we first speak? When maid-servants get together they talk of their mistresses, and when German authors get together they talk of their publishers. Our conversation consequently began with Cotta and Campe, and as, after a few of the usual complaints, I admitted the great good qualities of the latter, Börne confided to me

that he was just then pregnant with an edition of his complete works, and to that end would certainly make a note of Campe. I could safely affirm of Campe, that he was not one of the ordinary booksellers who only seek business with the titled, the beautiful, the great, and who are only ready to jump at a profitable chance, but that he sometimes printed the great, the beautiful, the titled under very unfavourable circumstances, and sometimes made an unprofitable business of it. Börne listened with both ears to my words, and was afterwards induced to proceed to Hamburg, where he made arrangements with the publisher of the "Reisebilder" for a complete edition of his works.

As soon as the publishers were done with, the mutual compliments between two authors who are speaking together for the first time begin. I pass over all that Börne said to my advantage, and only mention the mild drops of censure which he occasionally mingled in the foaming goblet of his praise. He had read namely, not long before, the second part of the "Reisebilder" and avowed that I spoke with too little reverence of the Deity, who, it must be admitted, had created Heaven and earth and so

wisely ruled the world, while on the other hand that I spoke in extravagant terms of Napoleon, who was nothing but a despotic mortal. So here I had the deist and the liberal brought at once to my notice in the most striking way. Outwardly he had but little love for Napoleon, but at heart he unconsciously entertained the greatest admiration for him. He was indignant that the sovereigns had so ungenerously torn down his statue from the Vendome column.

"Ah!" cried he with a bitter sigh: "you might have been content to let his statue remain where it was; you need only have fastened upon it a placard with the inscription '18th Brumaire,' and the Vendome column would have become the column of his shame! How I loved that man up to the 18th Brumaire; I even stuck to him up to the peace of Campo Formio, but as he mounted the steps of the throne he sank deeper and deeper in my esteem; one might say of him: he tumbled up the red steps!"

"Only this morning," added Börne, "I was admiring him as I read in this book which lies here upon this table"—he pointed to Thiers'

History of the Revolution—" the capital anecdote of Napoleon's interview with Kobentzel at Udine, where in the heat of argument he threw down the service of china, which the Empress Catherine had once given him, and which of course he highly valued. This broken china probably contributed to the peace of Campo Formio. Kobentzel no doubt thought: 'My emperor has such a quantity of china, and it would be a misfortune if this chap should come to Vienna, and fly into a towering passion: it will be best to make peace with him.' Very likely as the china service of Kobentzel toppled to the ground at Udine and was shivered into fragments, all the china in Vienna trembled, and not only the coffee-pots and the cups, but even the Chinese josses, they perhaps nodded their heads faster than usual, and peace was concluded. In picture-shops one usually sees Napoleon as he is crossing the Simplon on a pransing horse, as he rushes over the bridge of Lodi waving a banner above his head, and the like; but if I were a painter I would represent him in the act of smashing Kobentzel's tea-service. That was his most telling performance. Every king after that trembled for his china, and at Berlin they were terribly alarmed for the safety of their

great porcelain manufactory. You have no conception, my dear Heine, how the possession of valuable china holds a man in restraint. Look at me for instance, at me who was once so headstrong, at a time when I had but little of anything and absolutely no china at all. With property, and especially with breakable property, comes the slavery and the dread. A short time ago I unfortunately procured myself a tea-service—the tea-pot was so splendidly gilt—connubial bliss painted on the sugar-basin, two lovers billing and cooing—on one cup was the Catherine Tower, on another the Constable-Gate, on the remaining cups different views in Germany. The consequence is that now I am in actual bodily fear, lest in my stupidity I should be writing a little too freely, and have to decamp. In my hurry how could I pack up all these cups, to say nothing of the big tea-pot? They might get broken in my haste, and I would not leave them behind for any consideration. Yes, we men are strange animals! The same person who would risk perhaps the repose and happiness of his life, yes even life itself, to assert the freedom of opinion, does not like to lose a few china cups, and becomes a silent slave to preserve a tea-pot. I feel, upon my word,

how much that cursed china hampers me as I write, I become so tame, so cautious, so timid . . . . . After all I really believe, the porcelain-dealer must have been an Austrian detective, and that Metternich has saddled me with this china, in order to keep me quiet. Yes, yes, that is why it was so cheap and the man so importunate. Ah, the sugar-basin with that connubial bliss was such a sweet decoy! Yes, the more I look at my china, the more likely seems the idea, that Metternich is at the bottom of it. I do not blame them in the least, when they try to get the best of me like that. When they have recourse to clever measures against me I am never put out; it is clumsiness and folly only which I cannot endure. Now here is our Frankfort senate——"

I have my reasons for not letting the man speak on, and only mention that at the conclusion of his harangue he exclaimed with a good-humoured smile:

"But I am still resolute enough to rend my porcelain fetters, and if they provoke me, by Heaven, out flies the beautiful gilt tea-pot at the window, together with the sugar-basin and the connubial bliss, and the Catherine Tower, and the

Constable Gate, and the national views, and there I am once again as free a man as ever!"

Börne's humour, of which I have just given a characteristic example, differed from the humour of Jean Paul in this, that the latter was fond of touching upon things which were at a distance, while the former, like a playful child, seized only on what was close at hand, and while the fantasy of the bewildering Polyhistor of Bayreuth rummaged about in the lumber rooms of every age, and ranged through every quarter of the globe with his seven-league boots, Börne kept only in view what was present, and the objects which occupied him all lay within the wide compass of his vision. He commented on the book which he had just been reading, the circumstance that had just happened, the stone against which he had just struck his foot, Rothschild whose house he daily passed, the Senate whose home was in the Zeil, and which consequently he could then and there abuse, but whatever his thoughts, they all tended in the direction of Metternich. In the same way his dislike of Goethe had perhaps local beginnings; I say beginnings, not causes; for although the circumstance of Frankfort being their common birthplace was the immediate

cause of directing Börne's attention to Goethe, yet the hatred of that man which burned within him, and which was ever blazing up with an increased intensity, was but the necessary consequence of a deep-rooted difference in the natures of the two men. No petty jealousy was here at work, but a thorough aversion, obeying innate impulses; a quarrel, which, old as the world, discloses itself in all the histories of the human race, and is most conspicuous in the warfare which Jewish spiritualism maintains against Hellenic incarnate grandeur, and which perhaps will never be fought out: the small Nazarene hated the great Greek, who besides that was also a Grecian god.

The work of Wolfgang Menzel had just then appeared, and Börne was as pleased as a child to find someone with sufficient courage to attack Goethe so unsparingly. "Respect," he added naïvely, "has always prevented me from saying as much in public. This Menzel, he has got courage, he is an honest man, and a scholar; you must become acquainted with him, we shall have plenty of amusement with him yet; he has infinite courage, thoroughly honourable, and a great scholar! There is absolutely nothing in

Goethe, he is a dastard, a servile flatterer and a dilettante."

He often returned to this theme; he made me promise to visit Menzel in Stuttgard, and for that purpose at once gave me a letter of introduction, and I can still hear him as he kept on repeating: "He has courage, a wonderful amount of courage, he is an honest, thoroughly honest man and a great scholar!"

As in his utterances with regard to Goethe, so also did Börne betray his Nazarene narrow-mindedness in his judgment of other writers. I say Nazarene, so as not to make use of the expression "Jewish" nor "Christian," although both are with me synonymous and are not used by me to represent a creed but a disposition. For me "Jews" and "Christians" are of an exactly similar signification as opposed to "Hellenes," by which name I equally understand no particular nation, but an innate as well as acquired ordering of the mind and way of seeing things. In this respect I might say: all men are either Jews or Hellenes, men whose instincts are ascetic, opposed to form, given to spiritualise; or men whose natures are capable of present enjoyment, eager for development and

realistic. Thus there have been Hellenes in the families of German pastors, and Jews born at Athens and perhaps descended from Theseus. Here one may safely say, the beard does not make the Jew, nor does the pig-tail make the Christian. Börne was wholly a Nazarene, his antipathy for Goethe was the immediate offspring of his Nazarene intellect, his later political extravagance was founded in that severe asceticism, that thirst for martyrdom, which above all is found in republicans, which they themselves call republican virtue, and which differs so little from that hankering after suffering to be found among the early Christians. In later years Börne did actually turn to historic Christendom, he almost sank into Catholicism, he fraternised with the priest Lamennais, and once descended to the fretful tones of the Capuchin when publicly denouncing one of Goethe's followers, a pantheist of the cheerful observance.—Psychologically curious is the inquiry how the innate Christianity of Börne's soul was developed, after being so long suppressed by his quick understanding and his gaiety. I say gaiety, *gaîté*, not mirth, *joie*; at times the Nazarenes are capable of a certain lively good-humour, a witty squirrel-like vivacity, delightfully capricious, pleasant, even brilliant,

which however is quickly succeeded by a settled gloom: they want the majesty of true enjoyment, which is only found among those self-conscious of their divinity.

If, however, according to our way of thinking, there is no great difference between Jew and Christian, the difference exists all the more bitterly according to the notions of the Frankfort citizen; of the unpleasant results of this Börne used to speak very much and very often during the three days which for his sake I remained in the free, imperial and merchant city of Frankfort-on-the-Mayn.

Yes, in a fit of jocose good-nature he extorted from me the promise to dedicate to him three days of my existence; he never let me leave him, and I had to run about the town with him, and visit all kinds of friends, male and female, for instance Madame Wohl of the Wollgraben. This Madame Wohl of the Wollgraben was the well-known goddess of Freedom to whom the "Letters from Paris" were afterwards addressed. I saw a thin person, whose yellowish-white, pock-marked face resembled an old pancake. Yet in spite of her appearance, and although her voice was as harsh as a door turning on rusty

hinges, yet everything pleased me which this person said; she spoke namely with great enthusiasm of my writings. I remember that she caused her friend no little embarrassment when she was on the point of disclosing what he had whispered in her ear as we came in; Börne turned as red as a girl when, in spite of his entreaties, she betrayed to me that he had declared my visit was a greater honour than if Goethe himself had called. When I now reflect how meanly he even at that time thought of Goethe, I need not consider the expression as such a very great compliment.

Concerning Börne's connection with the lady in question, I learnt at that time just as little that was trustworthy as other people. It was also a matter of indifference to me whether that connection was warm or cold, moist or dry. The wicked world maintained Herr Börne was on the most intimate footing with Madame Wohl of the Wollgraben; the quite wicked world whispered: there merely existed between the two an abstract union of souls, their love was platonic.

As regards myself, with remarkable persons the object of their affections always interests

me less than the feeling of affection itself. But the latter—that I know—must have been very strong in Börne. Both from reading his collected works at a later period, and also at that time in Frankfort, I observed from many expressions he let fall, that at different times of his life Börne must have been severely tormented by the tricks of the little god. He had much to say especially about the stings of jealousy, for indeed jealousy was a chief ingredient in his character, and, in life as in politics, it caused him to view every object through the yellow haze of mistrust.

I have been mentioning that Börne, at various periods of his life, had been the victim of love's torments—

"Ah," he once sighed, as if awaking from some painful remembrance, "this passion is far more dangerous in riper years than in our youth. One would scarcely think it, because with riper years our reason is also supposed to have matured, and should be a support to us in the struggle with our passions. Charming support! Mark this, my friend: Reason only helps us to battle with those caprices which we should soon have overcome without her intervention.

But as soon as some really headstrong passion has mastered our hearts, and ought to be suppressed, on account of the positive mischief with which it threatens us, then Reason affords us but little help, aye, the *canaille*, she at once becomes a confederate of the enemy, and instead of defending our material or moral interests, she lends to the enemy, to passion, all her logic, all her syllogisms, all her sophisms, and to dumb madness she lends the weapon of words. Rational, as of course she is, Reason ever takes the side of the strongest, the side of passion, and again flies away as soon as its force is broken, whether by the agency of time or the law of reaction. How she then scoffs at the feelings, which she had just before so warmly vindicated! In love affairs, my good friend, always mistrust the language of Reason, and when the passion is extinguished, mistrust her all the same, and do not be unjust towards your heart!"

As soon as Börne had shown me Madame Wohl of the Wollgraben, he wished me to see the other curiosities of Frankfort, and in a gentle dog-trot he ran delighted at my side, as we wandered through the streets. His little short cloak and his little white hat, with its broad

black band, gave him a comical appearance. The black band denoted the death of his father, who had kept him very short during his lifetime, but now had all at once left him in comfortable circumstances. At that time Börne seemed to be still experiencing the pleasurable sensations of the change, and altogether to have reached the zenith of enjoyment. He even complained of his good health, i.e., he complained that he daily became more healthy and that his mental vigour was suffering from this returning convalescence. "I am too healthy, and can write no longer," he jestingly complained, perhaps seriously as well, for in natures like his talent is dependent on certain morbid conditions, on a certain excitability, which enhances the powers of perception and expression. "He has cured me to stupidity," said Börne of his doctor, to whom he took me and at whose house we dined together.

The objects with which Börne came into accidental contact not only afforded his mind its immediate occupation, but they also had a direct influence on the tone of his mind, and his good or bad humour stood in direct connection with their change. As the ocean from the

passing clouds, so Börne's soul received each present colouring from the objects which he met with on his way. The sight of prettily laid-out gardens, or a group of merry girls smiling at us as we passed, threw as it were their own rosy tints on Börne's soul, and were reflected in his sparkling jokes. But on passing through the Jews' quarter, the dingy houses seemed equally to pour their gloomy shadows on his mind.

"Look at this lane," said he with a sigh, "and then talk to me of the middle ages! The people are dead who lived and sorrowed here, and cannot contradict them when our mad poets and still madder historians, when fools and rogues, print their raptures about the splendour of times gone by; but where the dead people are silent, the living stones speak all the louder."

As a fact, the houses in that street did look down upon me, as though they would tell me sorrowful stories, stories which one knows indeed, but will not know, or would sooner forget than summon back again to memory. Thus I still call to mind a lofty-gabled house, the blackness of which was made all the more conspicuous by a row of white candles suspended beneath the

windows; the entrance, half railed in with rusty iron bars, led into a gloomy passage, where the moisture was dripping from the walls, and a strangely curious guttural song resounded from within. The trembling voice seemed to be that of an old man, and the melody, at first quivering in the softest plaintive tones, by degrees swelled aloud into those of indignant scorn. "What song is that?" I asked of my companion. "It is a good song," he answered with a sullen laugh, "a lyric masterpiece which will scarcely find its equal in this year's 'Almanack of the Muses' . . . You know it perhaps in the German translation: 'We sat by the waters of Babylon, our harps hung upon the weeping willows, &c.' A grand poem! and very well the old Rabbi sings it with his tremulous husky voice; Sonntag might have sung it more melodiously perhaps, but not with so much expression, with so much feeling . . . For the old man still hates the Babylonians, and still weeps daily over the fall of Jerusalem under Nebuchadnezzar . . . That misfortune he is still unable to forget, although so much that is new has happened since then, and the second Temple has so lately been destroyed under that villain Titus. I must tell you, by the way, that the old Rabbi by no means looks upon Titus as a *delicium*

generis humani, he considers him to be a villain, and one who was visited by the judgment of God . . . A small fly namely flew up his nose and found its way to the brain, where gradually increasing in size, it raked about with its claws and caused him such intolerable anguish, that he could only obtain some slight relief when hundreds of blacksmiths were hammering at their anvils in his immediate neighbourhood. It is very remarkable that all the enemies of the children of Israel should come to such bad ends: You know what happened to Nebuchadnezzar: he was changed into an ox in his old age, and had to eat grass. Look at Haman, the Persian minister of state, wasn't he at last hanged at Susa, in the capital? And Antiochus, the king of Syria, didn't he rot away alive, eaten up by lice? These more modern scoundrels, who are enemies of the Jews, should look out . . . But what does it matter? The terrible example does not frighten them, and one day lately I read another pamphlet against the Jews, by a professor of philosophy, who calls himself Magis Amica. He will have to eat grass some day, an ass he is already by nature; perhaps he will soon get hanged after insulting the favourite sultana of the king of Flachsensingen, and he is certainly

quite as lousy as Antiochus. I should like it best if he went to sea and got shipwrecked on the north coast of Africa. I have just been reading namely that the Mahommedans who live there consider themselves warranted by their religion to treat all the Christians, who suffer shipwreck there and fall into their hands, as slaves. They divide these unfortunate persons among them, and make use of each according to his abilities. Thus an Englishman who was lately travelling on that coast, found there a learned German, who had been shipwrecked and made a slave, but being fit for nothing else, they put eggs under him to be hatched; he belonged, of course, to the theological faculty. I wish now that Doctor Magis Amica might find himself in a similar position; if he had to sit three weeks on his eggs without stirring (four weeks, indeed, if they were ducks' eggs) all sorts of ideas would certainly come into his head, which had never struck him before, and I wager he would curse the fanatical belief which in Europe persecutes the Jews and in Africa the Christians, and can even emasculate a doctor of theology to a brood-hen . . . The chickens which he is likely to hatch will taste very tolerant, especially if eaten with sauce *à la Marengo*."

I pass unnoticed, for reasons easily to be guessed, the bitter remarks which my companion so freely indulged in, as, wandering through the streets of Frankfort, we passed the building in which the deputies hold their session. The sentinels were taking their mid-day snooze as they stood upright, and the swallows, who had built their friendly nests under the eaves, were flying about undisturbed. My grandmother always declared that swallows are a sign of luck; she was very superstitious.

From the corner of the Schnur-Gasse as far as the Exchange we had to elbow our way; here flows the golden artery of the city, here congregates the noble order of merchants, and here they higgle and smouch . . . . . What we in North Germany call smouching is in fact nothing else but the real native language of Frankfort, and it is just as beautifully spoken by the uncircumcised as by the circumcised.

A little further on, at the other end of the Saal-Gasse, we were gratified by a far more agreeable encounter. We saw, namely, a number of boys, who were coming out of school, nice-looking youngsters, with rosy cheeks, and each with a parcel of books under the arm.

"Far more respect"—cried Börne—"I have far more respect for these lads than for their grown-up fathers. That little fellow with the high forehead is thinking perhaps of the second Punic war, and is enthusiastic about Hannibal, and when they told him to-day how the great Carthaginian, whilst yet a boy, swore vengeance on the Romans . . . . . I wager his little heart swore it too . . . . . Hate and destruction to detested Rome! Keep your oath, my little brother-in-arms. I could kiss him, the dear little fellow! That other youngster, with such a charming sly look, is thinking perhaps of Mithridates, and wishes some day to be like him . . . . . That's good too, very good, and I like to see it. But, my lad, will you be able to swallow poison, like the old king of Pontus? Try it betimes. He who intends to wage war with Rome must be able to stand every possible kind of poison, not alone downright arsenic, but soporific dreamy opium as well, and even the insinuating aqua-tofana of calumny! How do you like that boy with the long legs and sulky turn-up nose? He, perhaps, itches to become a Cataline, he has long fingers too, and will one day give the Ciceros of our republic, the powdered seniors of the Fatherland, the chance to stultify themselves in long

bad speeches. That one there, the poor sickly looking lad, I am sure would sooner play the part of Brutus . . . . . Poor youth, you will find no Cæsar, and must be content to stab a few old periwigs with words, and will fall at last, not on your sword, but on Schelling's philosophy and go mad! I respect these little fellows, who busy themselves all day long with the elevating story of mankind, whilst their fathers have feelings only for the rise and fall of state securities, and only thoughts for coffee, cochineal, and manufactured wares! I have half a mind to buy some sweets for that little Brutus . . . . . No, I had better give him brandy to stop his growth . . . . . Only while we are little are we quite unselfish, quite courageous, quite heroic . . . . . as the body grows, the soul shrivels up more and more . . . . . I feel it in myself . . . . . I was a great man as long as I remained a little boy!"

Passing along the Römerberg, Börne wanted to take me up into the Kaiserburg, in order to inspect the golden Bull there.

"I have never seen it yet," sighed he, "and from my childhood I have always had a secret

longing after this golden Bull. As a child I used to form the most curious ideas of it, and took it to be a cow with gilded horns; later on I imagined it to be a calf, and it was not till I became a big boy that I learnt the truth: that it was in fact an old skin, a worthless piece of parchment, on which stood recorded how Emperor and Empire mutually sold one another. No, don't let us look at this miserable contract, by means of which Germany went to the dogs; I will die without having seen the golden Bull."

I here again pass over the bitter remarks which followed. There was a theme which one had but to touch upon to call up all the wildest and most painful thoughts which brooded in Börne's soul; that theme was Germany and the political condition of the German people. Börne was a patriot from top to toe, and his country was his absorbing love.

The same evening as we were again going through the Jew's quarter, and resumed our conversation about its inhabitants, the fountain of Börne's mind sparkled up all the more cheerfully, since the street which had looked so gloomy by day was now most brilliantly illuminated, and the children of Israel, as my cicerone

informed me, on that evening were celebrating their joyous feast of Lamps. This was instituted in former times in perpetual memory of the victory, which the Maccabees so valiantly gained over the king of Syria.

" Look you," said Börne, " this is the 18th October of the Jews, only that the Maccabean 18th of October is more than two thousand years old, and still is always celebrated, while the Leipzig 18th of October has scarcely reached its fifteenth year, and is already consigned to oblivion. Germans would do well to go to school with old Madame Rothschild to learn patriotism. See here, in this small house dwells the old lady, the Lætitia, who has given birth to so many Finance-Bonapartes, the great mother of all loans, who will not however, on any account forsake her small ancestral castle in the Juden-gasse in spite of the universal dominion of her royal sons, and to-day has hung her windows with white curtains in honour of the great and joyous festival. How pleasantly the lights are twinkling which she has lighted with her own hands, to celebrate that victorious day on which Judas Maccabeus and his brethren, fought just as valiantly and heroically as in our days

Frederick William, Alexander and Francis the Second. When the good lady looks at these little lamps, the tears come into her old eyes, and she calls to mind with sad delight those bygone days when the late Meyer Anselm Rothschild, her adored husband, celebrated the feast of Lamps beside her, and when the sons were still little boys and set small tapers on the floor, jumping backwards and forwards over them, as the manner and custom is in Israel!"

"The old Rothschild," continued Börne, "the head of the reigning dynasty, was an honest man, piety and good-heartedness itself. He had a benevolent face, with a small pointed beard, a three-cornered hat looped-up; and his dress more than modest, almost beggarly. Like that he went about Frankfort, constantly surrounded by a crowd of poor people, to whom he distributed alms or benefited with good advice; if one came upon a string of beggars in the streets looking consoled and pleased, one knew at once that here old Rothschild had been passing. When I was still quite a boy, and was going one evening with my father through the Juden-gasse, we met old Rothschild just coming out of the Synagogue; I remember that after he had

spoken with my father, he addressed a few kind words to me, and at last he laid his hand upon my head to give me his blessing. I am quite convinced I owe it to this blessing of Rothschild's, that in after times, although a German author, I was never quite without money in my pocket."

I cannot help here interposing the passing remark, that Börne always lived in comfortable circumstances and that his subsequent ultra-liberalism can in no way be attributed to a smothered discontent arising from his poverty, which is the origin of so many patriots. Although he was himself rich, I say rich, according to the measure of his wants, he nevertheless entertained an unbounded animosity for the wealthy. Although the blessing of the father rested upon his head, yet he hated the sons, Meyer Anselm Rothschild's sons.

I will not stay to inquire how far the personal qualities of these men justified that hate; it will be more particularly considered hereafter. Here I would only find room for the remark, that our preachers of liberty in Germany act quite as unjustly as foolishly when they attack the house of Rothschild with so much rancour

and bitterness, on account of its political importance, on account of its influence on the fortunes of the revolution, in short on account of its public character. There are no greater promoters of revolution than just these Rothschilds . . . . . and, what may sound more strangely still: these Rothschilds, the bankers of kings, the princely masters of shekels, whose very existence would be seriously threatened by any disturbance of the European state systems, they nevertheless are at heart conscious of their revolutionary mission. This is especially the case with the man who is known by the unpretending name of Baron James, in whom, since the death of his eminent brother of England, the whole political consequence of the house of Rothschild is now centred. This Nero of finance, who has built his golden palace in the Rue Lafitte, and from thence sways the bourses as undisputed emperor, is, after all, as once his precursor, the Nero of Rome, a ruthless destroyer of patrician privileges and the founder of a new democracy. Richelieu, Robespierre and Rothschild are for me three names of terrorism, and they signify the gradual extinction of the old aristocracy. Richelieu, Robespierre, and Rothschild are the three most terrible levellers in

Europe. Richelieu destroyed the sovereignty of the feudal nobility, and bent it to that royal will, which either degraded it by court service or allowed it to decay through the apathy of the squirearchy in the provinces. Robespierre at last cut off the heads of this servile and effete nobility. But the soil remained, and its new master, the new proprietor, again became as thorough an aristocrat as his predecessor, whose pretensions he asserted under another name. Then came Rothschild and overthrew the supremacy of the soil, by raising the state-paper system to be the sovereign power, mobilising by its means the great estates and incomes, and, as it were, bestowing on money the privileges formerly belonging to the soil. By this he no doubt created a new aristocracy, but one, which emanating from the most uncertain of elements, from money, can never have the mischievous effect of the former aristocracy, for that was rooted in the soil, in the earth itself. Money is more fluid than water, more windy than air, and one readily pardons the superciliousness of the present gold-nobility, when one thinks of its unstable nature . . . . . it runs away and evaporates before one is aware of its existence.

While placing together the names of Richelieu, Robespierre and Rothschild as I have, the fact struck me that there were several other points of resemblance between these three great terrorists. They have, for instance, in common, a certain strange liking for poesy: Richelieu wrote bad tragedies, Robespierre composed worse madrigals, and James Rothschild, when he is merry, begins to rhyme . . . . .

But this does not belong here, the immediate business of these pages is with a much smaller revolutionist, with Ludwig Börne. This man, as we record with sorrow, entertained the fiercest animosity for the Rothschilds, and he gave expression to this animosity in his conversation as we passed their house in Frankfort, with as great an amount of bitterness and acrimony as afterwards in his "Letters from Paris." For all that he did some justice to their personal qualities, and he confessed to me quite naïvely, that he could only hate them; that with all the pains he took, it was not possible for him to consider them despicable or even ridiculous.

"For look you,"—said he—"the Rothschilds have so much money, such a terrible heap of

money, that they inspire us with an almost dreadful respect; they are, so to say, altogether identified with the idea of money, and money is a thing which one cannot despise. Besides, these people have taken the surest means of escaping that ridicule which so many other ennobled millionaire families of the Old Testament have invited: they keep aloof from the consecrated water of the Christians. Baptism has now become the order of the day among the rich Jews, and the New Testament, which was preached in vain to the poor Judæan, is now all the fashion with the rich. But as its acceptance is only self-deception, if not actually a lie, and the falsely assumed Christianity contrasts at times right glaringly with the old Adam, these people lay themselves seriously open to ridicule and contempt. Or do you believe that the inward nature is entirely changed through baptism? Do you believe that we can change lice into fleas by sprinkling them with water?"

I do not believe it.

"Nor do I believe it either, and to me the sight is quite as melancholy as laughable, when the old lice, which after all are descended from

Egypt and the time of Pharaoh's plagues, suddenly fancy themselves fleas, and begin to jump like Christians. I have seen old daughters of Israel carrying long crosses on their bosoms, longer than their noses, and which reached down to their waists; they had protestant hymn-books in their hands, and spoke of the excellent sermon they had just heard in the church of the Holy Trinity. One of them asked the other: where she took the sacrament? and both had stinking breath. I was still more disgusted at the sight of dirty bearded Jews, come from the sinks of Poland, who had been gained to Heaven by the Berlin Conversion Society, and who preached Christianity in their offensive dialect, stinking like pole-cats into the bargain. It would at all events be desirable, if these lousy Polish people must be baptised, that it should not be with ordinary water, but with eau de Cologne."

In the house of one who has been hanged, I interrupted him, one must not speak of a rope,* my dear Doctor; tell me rather, what has become of the big oxen which my father once

* Heine was a converted Jew: or rather he underwent baptism, to enable him to practise as an advocate. Not that he ever became one, or a Christian in its common acceptation.

told me used to roam about in the Jewish burial-ground here at Frankfort, and bellowed so terribly at night, that the peace of the whole neighbourhood was disturbed ?

"Your good father," cried Börne, laughing, "really told you no untruth. There once existed the custom for all Jewish cattle-dealers to dedicate the first male offspring of their cows to God, as laid down in the Bible, and for that purpose they brought them from all parts here to Frankfort, where to such dedicated cattle the Jewish burial-ground was allotted for pasture, and where they wandered about to their happy end, and really often bellowed frightfully. But the old oxen are now dead, and the cattle of to-day have no longer the true faith and their firstborn remain quietly at home, even if they do not go over to Christianity. The old oxen are dead."

I must here take the opportunity of mentioning that during my stay at Frankfort, in order to give me an opportunity of tasting the celebrated Shalet, Börne invited me to dine with one of his friends, who, being a strict observer of Jewish customs, would be sure to set it

before me; and as a matter of fact I was pleased with that dish, which is probably of Egyptian origin and as old as the Pyramids. I am surprised that when, years afterwards, Börne, apparently to show his humour but really from much baser motives, began to incite the masses by all kinds of insinuations and devices, not only against crowned heads generally, but against the crowned head of a poet . . . . . I am surprised that in his writings he never related with what appetite, with what enthusiasm, with what devotion, with what conviction, I once devoured the old Jewish food Shalet at the house of Dr. S——! But the dish is really excellent, and it is seriously to be regretted that the Christian Church, which has borrowed so much that is good from ancient Judaism, did not also adopt Shalet. Perhaps she has kept this in reserve for the future, so that if ever it should be faring badly with her, if her holiest symbol, yes the cross, should lose its power, the Christian Church can fall back upon Shalet, and the deserters would then return to her bosom with fresh appetite. The Jews at all events would in that case become attached to Christianity from conviction . . . . for, as I clearly perceive, it is only Shalet which

still holds them together in their ancient covenant. Börne even assured me that the renegades, who have declared for the new covenant,* only require the smell of Shalet to feel a certain home-sickness for the Synagogue, that Shalet, so to speak, is the Ranz-des-Vaches of the Jews.

We also drove out together to Bornheim, on the Sabbath, there to drink coffee and inspect the daughters of Israel . . . . there were handsome maidens among them, and they smelt of Shalet most divinely. Börne kept winking his eyes. In this significant winking, in this would-be suggestive winking, which stands awe-struck before the voice from within, lay the whole difference between our respective ways of thinking. Börne namely was a slave to Nazarene abstinence, if not actually in his thoughts, yet all the more so in his feelings; and, as happens with all people resembling him, who indeed recognise sensual abstinence as the highest virtue, but are unable wholly to conform to it, so did he only venture to enjoy the forbidden apples

* About this time there appears to have been a great division among the Jews, which resolved itself into two parties, known respectively as the 'New Temple' and the 'Old Synagogue.' On the merits of the quarrel it would here be out of place to enter, even if we knew anything about it.

of Eve in secret, trembling and blushing like a lickerish boy. I do not know whether with these people the enjoyment is more intense than with us, who have to dispense with the charm of the secret smuggle, the moral contraband; but they say that Mahomet forbad wine to his Turks in order that it might taste all the sweeter to them.

Where the company was numerous, Börne was reticent and monosyllabic, and only gave way to the full flow of speech when talking singly with another, and when he thought himself in the company of one who entertained views similar to his own. That Börne looked upon me as such was a mistake which afterwards caused me many vexatious moments. Even at that time in Frankfort we only harmonised in the domain of politics, by no means in the domain of philosophy, or art, or nature—from all of which he was quite shut out. We were altogether of opposite dispositions, and this difference became perhaps at last rooted not only in our moral, but also in our physical natures.

There are in fact only two sorts of men, the lean and the fat, or rather men who are always

getting thinner, and those who from slender beginnings gradually develope into the rotundest corpulence. The former are just the dangerous sort, that Cæsar so much dreaded—"Would he were fatter," said he of Cassius. Brutus was of quite another kind, and I am persuaded, if he had not lost the battle of Philippi and on that occasion stabbed himself, he would have grown to be quite as stout as the writer of these pages —" and Brutus was an honourable man."

Being here reminded of Shakespear, I take the opportunity of declaring myself for an old reading which describes Hamlet as "fat."—Unlucky Prince of Denmark! Nature had destined thee to pass thy days in the happiest state of obesity, and all at once the world falls out of joint and thou hast to set it right again! Poor fat Danish prince!—— —— ——

The three days which I stayed in Börne's society at Frankfort, passed in almost idyllic happiness. He exerted himself on every occasion to please me. He fired off the rockets of his wit with never-failing gaiety, and as at Chinese fireworks the artist himself at last rises in the air amidst a shower of crackling flames:

so the humorous speeches of the man always finished with some mad sally of brilliance, which chiefly fell hottest upon himself. He was harmless as a child. Up to the last moment of my stay at Frankfort he tripped good-humouredly by my side, watching my looks to see whether there was anything more he could do to please me. He knew that I was on my road to Munich, at the wish of the old Baron Cotta, in order there to assume the editorship of the political annals, and also to devote my energies to some projected literary schemes. The object at that time was to set up such organs for the liberal press as might exercise a beneficial influence hereafter; the object was to sow the future; a sowing, for which only the enemy then had eyes, so that the poor sower was only storing up vexations and disappointment in advance. The venomous artifices to which the ultramontane, aristocratic propaganda in Munich resorted against me and my friends are known to every one.

"Beware how you come into collision with the priests at Munich," were the last words which Börne whispered in my ear at parting. Already seated in the coupé of the diligence he

long followed me with a melancholy look, like an old sailor, who, himself retired upon dry land, feels moved to compassion when he sees some youngster, who is going for the first time to sea . . . . . The old man thinks at the moment that he has bid adieu for ever to the treacherous element, and is looking to pass the remainder of his days safely in port. Poor man! that is a repose which the gods would not vouchsafe him! He must soon again be out upon the sea, and there our ships encountered during the raging of that dreadful storm in which he went to the bottom. How it howled! how it roared! I could plainly see by the glare of the yellow lightning the painful alternations of courage and despair in the countenance of the man! He stood at the ship's helm and bid defiance to the fury of the waves which at times threatened to engulf him, at times only slightly splashed and wetted him through, presenting so distressing and at the same time so ludicrous a sight, that one felt inclined to laugh and cry together. Poor man! his ship was without anchor and his heart without hope . . . . . I saw the mast fall, the rigging torn by the gale . . . . . I saw him stretch out his hand towards me . . . . .

I dared not seize it, I dared not expose the precious freight, the sacred treasures entrusted to my keeping, to certain destruction . . . . . On board of my vessel I carried the gods of the future.

SECOND BOOK.

HELGOLAND, *July* 1, 1830.

—— —— As for myself I am weary of this guerilla warfare and long for repose, at least for a state in which I can abandon myself, quite untrammeled, to my dreamy ways and habits, to my fanciful thoughts and meditations. What irony of fate that I, who so love the quiet of a contemplative, intellectual existence, that I should be just the person fixed on, to rouse up my poor fellow-countrymen out of their state of comfort and goad them on to action! I, the man whose dearest occupation is to observe the flying clouds, to catch with subtilty the metrical magic of words, to fathom the mysteries of the elementary spirits, and to bury myself in the wonder-world of olden tales . . . . I am to be condemned to edit political annals, to record the events of the day, to draw up revolutionary manifestos, to arouse the passions, to be for ever pulling our poor German Michel by the nose, to

wake him up from his wholesome giant-sleep . . . . . it is true I can only get a gentle sneeze out of the snoring monster, but by no means wake him up . . . . . for if I tug ever so violently at his pillow, he does but drag it straight again with his sleepy hands . . . . Once in despair I was about to set fire to his night-cap, but it was so moist, from the sweat of his profound cogitations, that it only gently steamed . . . . . and Michel smiled in his slumber . . . .

I am weary and long for repose. I, too, would get me a German night-cap and draw it down over my ears, did I but know where I might lay down my head to rest. In Germany it is impossible. Every moment a policeman would be coming and shaking me, to see if I was really asleep; the very idea destroys all comfort. But, seriously, where shall I go? Again to the South? To the land where the lemon trees blossom, and the golden oranges? Alas, before every lemon-tree there stands an Austrian sentinel, and thunders at you a frightful, Who goes there? And like the lemons, the oranges, too, are now very sour. Or shall I to the North? Say to the North-east. Ah, the ice-bears are

now more dangerous than ever, since they have become civilised and wear white kid gloves. Or shall I once more to that devilish England? where I should not like to hang in effigy, much less live in person! To live there they ought to give one money into the bargain, and instead of that, to stay in England costs double as much as in any other place. Never again to that vile land, where the machines act like men, and the men like machines. A clatter and taciturnity quite appalling. When I was presented to the governor of this place, and that thorough-going Englishman stood before me for several minutes without saying a word, it suddenly came into my head to examine him from behind, just to ascertain whether they had not somehow forgot to wind up the machinery. It is sufficiently distressing for me that the island of Helgoland should be under British dominion. I sometimes fancy that I can scent that air of ennui which Albion's sons are perpetually exhaling. It is a positive fact, that a certain gas is generated in every Englishman, the deadly choke-damp of weariness, and I have observed this with my own eyes, not only in England, where the atmosphere is literally impregnated with it, but in southern countries, where the travelling Briton roams

about isolated, and the grey aureole of ennui, which encircles his head, becomes clearly visible in the ethereal sun-lit atmosphere. The English, of course, imagine that this impervious ennui is generated at home, and to escape from it they travel through every land, get weary everywhere, and go back again with a "Diary of an Ennuyée." It is with them as with the soldier, whose comrades rubbed dirt under his nose as he lay sleeping on the bench; when he awoke he noticed there was a bad smell in the guard-room, and went out, but presently came back again, and declared there was a bad smell outside as well, the whole world stank.

A friend of mine, who lately came from France, maintains that the English travel so much on the continent, out of sheer despair at the coarse cookery of their native country; that burly Englishmen may be seen at French table-d'hôtes, busy devouring vol-au-vents, crême, suprèmes, ragouts, gelées and the like airy condiments, and with just the same colossal appetite which they exercise at home on masses of roast-beef and Yorkshire pudding, and that at last it will end in the ruin of all French hotel-keepers. Is it possible that the investigation of table-d'hôtes

may after all really be the secret reason why the English thus travel about? While we are laughing at the haste with which they inspect curiosities and picture galleries, is it they perhaps who are mystifying us, and may the indifference we ridicule be nothing but a cunning cloak to hide their gastronomic curiosity?

But admitting the excellence of French cookery, with France itself things seem looking very bad, and the great retirade has not yet ceased. The Jesuits are flourishing there just now and singing songs of triumph. Those who are at present in power there are the same fools whose heads were already cut off fifty years ago . . . . What was the good? they have risen again from the grave and their régime is more foolish than before; for, on starting up from the realms of death to the light of day, many of them in their haste put on the first best head that came to hand, and the most alarming consequences are the result: in some cases the head would not fit the trunk nor the heart which haunted within it. So we find many a one declaiming from the tribune like reason itself, and admire the sagacious head, and yet soon afterwards it allows itself to be deluded by the hopelessly mad heart

into committing the insanest actions . . . . . There is a cruel contradiction between the thoughts and feelings, the opinions and passions, between the words and the deeds of these *revenants!*

Or shall I to America, to that stupendous prison-house of liberty, where the invisible chains would weigh more heavily upon me than the visible ones at home, and where the most revolting of all tyrants, the mob, exercises its rough dominion! You know what I think about this God-abandoned people, whom I once loved—when I did not know them . . . . . And yet as a matter of duty, I must publicly praise and commend them . . . . . My good peasants of Germany! go to America! There they have neither princes nor nobility, there all men are equal—equal ruffians . . . . . except of course a few millions, who have either black or brown skins, and they are treated like dogs!

Real slavery, which is abolished in most of the North American provinces, does not disgust me so much as the brutality with which free blacks and mulattos are treated there. Whoever is descended from a negro, even in the most remote degree, and betrays such descent only in the features, although not any longer in

colour, is exposed to the grossest insults, insults which in Europe would seem fabulous. With all that, these Americans make a great fuss about their Christianity, and are the most regular attendants at church. This phase of hypocrisy they have learnt from the English, who in every respect have left them the legacy of their very worst qualities. Worldly gain is their real religion, and money is their god, their only, almighty god. Doubtless there is many a noble heart among them which mourns in silence the general selfishness and want of justice. But if it would oppose resistance to these, a martyrdom awaits it which exceeds all European belief. I think it was in New York that a Protestant clergyman was so indignant at the bad treatment of the coloured races that, in defiance of the cruel prejudice, he married his own daughter to a negro. As soon as this really Christian act became known, the people rushed to the house of the parson, who himself only escaped death by flight; but the house was demolished, and the parson's daughter, the unfortunate victim, was seized by the mob and sacrificed to its fury. She was undressed stark naked, smeared all over with pitch, rolled in the beds which they had ripped open, and, covered

with the sticking feathers, she was dragged through the whole city, insulted . . . . .

O Liberty! thou art an evil dream!

HELGOLAND, *July* 8.

—— —— As yesterday was Sunday, and a leaden dreariness lay upon the whole island, and weighed upon my spirits; in despair I took up the Bible . . . . . and I confess to you, that in spite of my being a Hellene at heart, the book not only greatly entertained, but afforded me sound instruction as well. What a book! large and comprehensive as the world, diving down into the abysses of creation and mounting up into the blue mysteries of heaven . . . . . sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, birth and death, the entire drama of mankind, all is in this book . . . . . It is the book of books, Biblia. The Jews may lightly console themselves for the loss of Jerusalem, and the temple, and the ark of covenant, and the golden vessels and the treasures of Solomon . . . . . such loss is trifling in comparison with the Bible,

the imperishable treasure which they have preserved. If I mistake not, it was Mahomet who called the Jews "the People of the Book," a name which clings to them in the East to this day, and which has a signification of deep meaning. A book is their country, their possession, their ruler, their fortune and their misfortune. They live within the peaceful confines of this book, they here exercise their unalienable rights of citizenship, here one cannot dislodge them, here they are strong and worthy to be admired. Buried in the study of this book, they noted little of the changes which were going on about them in the outer world; nations sprang up and disappeared, states flourished around and died away, revolutions shook the earth . . . . . they however, the Jews, lay bent over their book and heeded nothing of the wild hunt of Time which was galloping over their heads!

As the prophet of the East called them "the People of the Book," so the prophet of the West, in his Philosophy of History, has described them as "the People of Mind." Even from their earliest origin, as we gather from the Pentateuch, the Jews have shown their predisposition for the Abstract, and their whole religion is

nothing but an act of dialectic, a distinction between matter and mind, and which only recognises the Absolute in the single form of Mind. What a terribly isolated position to assume among the nations of the old world, who, themselves devoted to the most sensuous services of Nature, derived their conceptions of Mind rather from the phenomena of matter, from image and symbol! What a glaring contrast was thus presented to Egypt, with its vivid colours and its swarming hieroglyphics; to Phœnicia, the great festive-temple of Astarte, or even to the fair sinner, the beautiful, sweet-smelling Babylon; and last, yes, to Greece, the blossoming birthplace of Art!

It is curious to observe how the People of Mind by degrees emancipated themselves entirely from Matter, became entirely spiritualised. Moses gave, as it were, to Mind material bulwarks against the factitious inroads of the neighbouring nations: round about the field where he had sown Mind, he planted the stiff ceremonial law and an egoistical nationality, like a protecting quickset hedge. But when the sacred plant of Mind had taken such deep root, and had shot up so high into the heavens that it could never

again be disturbed; then came Jesus Christ and put an end to the ceremonial law, which no longer had any useful significance, and pronounced, in fact, the sentence of death over Jewish nationality . . . . . He summoned all nations of the earth to a participation in the kingdom of God, which till then had belonged only to one chosen, holy people; He gave to all mankind the Jewish right of citizenship . . . . . that was a great emancipation question, and was solved, indeed, with far greater magnanimity than the present emancipation questions in Saxony and Hanover . . . . . true it is that the Redeemer, who had set his brethren free from the ceremonial law and nationality and had founded cosmopolitanism, was himself the victim of his humanity, and the chief magistrate of Jerusalem caused him to be crucified, and the mob insulted him . . . . .

But it was the body only that was insulted and crucified: the spirit was glorified, and the martyrdom of the Triumphator, which gave to Mind the mastery of the world, was the symbol of that victory; and since then, *in imitatione Christi*, all mankind have hankered after fleshly abstinence, and given to absolute Mind an extravagant importance . . . . .

When will harmony be again restored? when will the world again recover from this one-sided yearning after spiritualisation, that foolish mistake which has enervated so many souls and bodies? A chief remedy exists in political activity and art. Napoleon and Goethe have here done wonders. The former by compelling people to take part in all kinds of bodily exercise; the latter in causing us once more to appreciate Grecian art, and by the creation of sterling works, to which we may firmly cling, as to marble statues of the gods, without being overwhelmed in the foggy ocean of absolute Mind . . . . .

HELGOLAND, *July* 19.

I have read the first book of Moses in the Old Testament quite through. Like long trains of caravans passed the sacred world of old before my mind. The camels tower aloft. On their tall backs are sitting the veiled roses of Canaan. Pious herdmen driving oxen and cows before them. They wind on over barren hills, hot sandy plains, where only here and there a

group of palm-trees comes to view and fans a coolness. The servants dig for water. Sweet, peaceful, sun-lighted land of the East! What lovely rest beneath thy tents! O Laban, might I tend thy flocks! gladly would I serve thee seven years for Rachel, and yet another seven years for Leah, whom thou givest me into the bargain! I hear them, how they bleat, the sheep of Jacob; and I see how he holds before them the peeled wands when they go to drink at breeding time. The speckled now belong to us. In the meantime Reuben comes home and brings his mother a bunch of mandrakes, which he has gathered in the fields. Rachel longs for the mandrakes, and Leah gives her them on condition that Jacob shall lie the next night with her. What are mandrakes? The commentators have puzzled their heads about it in vain. Luther can do no better than call them mandrakes. Perhaps they are Swabian wall-flowers. The love-story of Dinah and the young Sichem greatly moved me. But her brothers, Simeon and Levi, did not treat the matter quite so sentimentally. It is shocking that they should slay the unhappy Sichem and all his house with such savage treachery, especially when the poor lover had offered to marry

their sister, to give them lands and possessions, to make one family with them, and with that intent had caused himself and all his people to be circumcised. The two lads ought to have been glad that their sister could make such a brilliant match, the promised alliance was greatly to the advantage of their race, and they would also gain, besides the costly dowry, a good extent of land, of which they were greatly in need . . . . . No one could offer more fairly than this enamoured prince, who after all had but anticipated the rights of marriage out of love . . . . . But there it is; he had defiled their sister, and for that misdeed these brothers, so sensitive of their honour, could find no other penalty but death . . . . and when their father took them to task on account of their bloody deed, and called to their minds the advantages which the alliance with Sichem would have procured, they answered: Are we then to drive a bargain over the chastity of our sister?

Stubborn, cruel hearts, these brothers. But there breathes under the hard stone the most sensitive moral feeling. It is remarkable that this moral feeling, as manifested on other occasions as well in the life of the patriarchs,

is not the result of a positive religion, nor of a political code of laws, both came into existence at a later date. Therefore I think I may assert, that morality is independent of dogma and legislation, it is purely the result of a healthy feeling among mankind, and that true morality, the verdict of the heart, will live on for ever, even when Church and State shall no longer exist.

From the Old Testament I sometimes take a dip into the New, and here too the omnipotence of the great book overwhelms me. What holy ground thy foot is treading here! When reading this, we ought to put off our shoes, as in the presence of sacred relics.

The most remarkable words of the New Testament seem to me to be the passage in the gospel of Saint John, ch. xvi. v. 12, 13. "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth; for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come." So that the last word has not yet been spoken, and here,

perhaps, is the ring on which may hang a new revelation. It begins with deliverance from the Word, puts an end to martydom, and founds the kingdom of eternal happiness, the millennium. Every promise finds at last the most complete fulfilment.

A certain mystical double-meaning runs throughout the New Testament. The words "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's," are a skilful evasion, not a conclusion. So too when Christ is asked, "Art thou king of the Jews?" the answer is prevaricating. The same with the question whether he was the Son of God? Mahomet was far more plain-spoken, more explicit. When they put a similar question to him, namely, whether he was the Son of God, he answered, God has no children.

What a mighty drama is the Passion! And how deeply is it motived in the prophecies of the Old Testament! It could not be escaped, it was the red seal of attestation. The Passion, like the miracles, also served as an announcement.

What a sweet presentment is this God and

Man! How circumscribed in comparison with him the hero of the Old Testament appears! Moses loved his people with sincere affection, he cared for the future of that people like a mother. Christ loved all mankind; that sun illumined the whole earth with the warming beams of His charity. What a soothing balsam for all the sorrows of this world are His words! What a healing fountain for all suffering was the blood which flowed at Golgotha! . . . . The white marble gods of Greece were bespattered with that blood, and could never again revive. 'Tis true they long had carried in themselves a wasting sickness, and the shock but hastened their death. The first to die was Pan. Do you know the legend as related by Plutarch? This sea-tale of olden times is very remarkable. It runs as follows:—

In the days of Tiberius, a ship was sailing one evening close under the island of Paræ, which lies on the coast of Ætolia. The people on board had not yet gone to rest, and many were still sitting at supper drinking, when suddenly they heard a voice which reached them from the shore and shouted out the name of Thamus (such was the name of the pilot) so

loudly, that everyone was struck with the greatest astonishment. At the first and second call Thamus remained silent, at the third he answered; upon which the voice, in still louder tones, addressed him in these words, "When thou comest to the heights of Palodes, tell them that the great Pan is dead!" So when they had reached these heights, Thamus delivered the message, calling out from the stern of the ship over towards the land, "The great Pan is dead!" On the call there arose from the shore the most singular cries of lamentation, a mingling of sighs and sounds of astonishment, and as though they proceeded from many persons at once. Those on board related the circumstance at Rome, where the most conflicting opinions prevailed concerning it. Tiberius caused the affair to be narrowly investigated, and did not doubt its truth.

HELGOLAND, *July* 29.

I have again been reading in the Old Testament. What a grand book! More remarkable even than the contents is to me that method o

representation in which the word appears as it were of natural growth, in the same way as a tree, a flower, the ocean, as the stars, as man himself. It sprouts, it flows, it sparkles, it smiles, one knows not why, it all seems perfectly natural. This is indeed the Word of God, whilst other books are the production of the wit of man. In Homer, the other grand book, representation seems the result of art, and even when, as in the Bible, the matter is actually taken from reality, yet it still conforms itself to a poetic shape, amalgamated as it were in the crucible of the human mind; it is rectified by a scientific process which we call art. In the Bible there does not appear so much as a trace of art; the style is that of a note-book, in which absolute mind enters the occurrences of the day, as it were, without any individual human assistance, and with much the same matter-of-fact precision as we make out our washing bills. This style admits of no definite judgment, one can only estimate its effect upon our intellect, and the Greek grammarians must have been not a little puzzled whenever they attempted to define the more striking beauties of the Bible according to the acknowledged rules of art. Longinus speaks of sublimity. More modern æsthetic writers speak

of artlessness. Ah! here, as already stated, all standards of judgment fail . . . . . the Bible is the word of God.

I can discover in one author only anything which reminds me of that unartificial style of the Bible. That is Shakespear. Also with him the word sometimes stands forth in such appall ing nakedness as to shock and surprise us; in Shakespear's works we at times see the bodily truth stripped of all artificial clothing. But that happens only at isolated moments; the genius of art, conscious perhaps of its weakness, delegates here for a few seconds its office to Nature, and then asserts its authority with all the greater jealousy, in the plastic moulding and in the ingenious combinations of the drama. Shakespear is at the same time both Jew and Greek, or rather, in his person, both elements, spiritualism and art, have met together reconciled and expanded into one loftier whole.

My neighbour in the next room, a magistrate from Königsburg, who is here bathing, takes me for a pietist, since he always finds me with the Bible in my hands when he comes to pay me a visit. On that score he is rather inclined

to rally me, and whenever he talks with me on religion, a caustic East-Prussian smile plays over his lean old-bachelor face. Yesterday we argued concerning the Trinity. With the Father it was all well enough; he was the world's Creator, and everything must have its cause. There was considerable difficulty with the belief in the Son, which the intelligent gentleman was very unwilling to admit, but at last conceded with a somewhat ironical good grace. The third person of the Trinity however, the Holy Ghost, met with the most stubborn resistance. He could by no means conceive the use of the Holy Ghost, and suddenly bursting out into a laugh, he said: "After all, it's pretty much the same with the Holy Ghost as with the third horse when we travel post with a leader; one always has to pay and yet one never gets a sight of it, this third horse."

My neighbour, who lodges below, is neither pietist nor rationalist, but a Dutchman, indolent and oily as the cheese in which he deals. Nothing can set him in motion, he is the picture of imperturbable repose, and even when he converses with our landlady upon his favourite subject, the salting of fish, he never raises his voice

above the levellest monotone. Owing to the thinness of the flooring I am unfortunately often obliged to hear conversations of this kind, and whilst speaking up here with the Prussian about the Trinity, the Dutchman below was explaining the difference between cod, Scotch ling, and stockfish; they are all in fact one and the same.

My landlord is an excellent sailor, noted throughout the whole island for his fearlessness in storm and peril; along with it, good-tempered and gentle as a child. He is just returned from a long trip and has been telling me with laughable gravity of a phenomenon which he experienced at sea on the 28th July. It sounds funny: my landlord maintains namely, that the whole sea smelt of newly baked plum-cake, and the warm delicious odour had found its way so seductively up his nose, that it made him feel quite faint. That, you see, is the same sort of thing as the tantalising mirage, which appears to the thirsty traveller in the Arabian sand-deserts like a clear refreshing expanse of water. A baked Fata Morgana.

HELGOLAND, *August* 1.

— — You have no notion how the *dolce far niente* of this place suits me. I did not bring a single book with me which had anything to do with the occurrences of the day. My whole library consists in Paul Varnefrid's history of the Longobards, the Bible, Homer, and a few curious tracts on Witchcraft. I should like to write an interesting little book on this last subject. With this view I busied myself lately with inquiries into the last traces of paganism in these modern baptismal times. It is truly remarkable how long and under what disguises the beautiful creations of the Greek world of fiction have been preserved in Europe.—And as a fact they have kept their place among us even to the present day—among us, the poets. Since the triumph of the Christian church, the latter have continued to form a silent community, in which the charms of the old idolatry, the jubilant faith in the gods, have been transmitted from generation to generation, through the traditions of inspired song . . . . But alas! the *Ecclesia pressa*, which honoured Homer as its prophet, is daily more and more the object of persecution and the

zeal of the black familiars becomes more ominously energetic than ever. Are we threatened with a fresh persecution of the gods?

Fear and hope alternately take possession of my mind, and I am in a state of great uncertainty.

— — I have again become reconciled with the sea (you remember we were *en delicatesse*), and again we sit together of an evening and commune in secret. Yes, I will hang up politics and philosophy on the nail and once more surrender myself to the observation of nature and of art. All this vexation and worry after all is useless, and though I should suffer martyrdom for the general good, it would be thereby but little advanced. The world does not remain at a rigid still-stand, but continually whirls round. Once, when I was still young and inexperienced, I believed, that though in the struggle for the freedom of mankind the individual warrior might fall, yet the great cause would triumph in the end . . . . . and I comforted myself with those beautiful verses of Byron, in which he describes how the waves come swimming in one after the other, and one after the other

break and dash to pieces on the strand, but that the sea itself strides onwards . . . .

Ah! if one looks longer at this phenomenon of nature, one sees that the sea which had been advancing, after a certain lapse of time, withdraws again into its former bed, comes up again later anew, seeks once more to regain the lost ground, but at last takes to flight as timidly as ever, and though constantly repeating this act, yet never advances . . . . Mankind move in like manner according to the laws of ebb and flood, and perhaps the moon exerts her sidereal influence on the world of spirits as well . .

To-day is new moon, and in spite of all the misgivings with which my soul is beset, strange forebodings come over me . . . . Something unusual must now be happening in the world . . . . . the sea smells of plum-cake, and the monk-shaped clouds last night appeared so sad, so melancholy . . . .

I was wandering alone on the shore in the twilight of evening. Solemn stillness prevailed around. The high vault of heaven resembled the cupola of a gothic church. Within hung

the stars like countless lamps; but they burnt dimly and trembling. The ocean waves roared like an organ of the waters; stormy choral song, painfully despairing, yet withal triumphant as well. Above me the airy train of white cloud-forms, that appeared like monks, moving along with bended heads and mournful looks, a sad procession . . . . . it seemed as though they followed a funeral. . . . . Who is to be buried? Who is dead? Is the great Pan dead?

HELGOLAND, *August* 6.

While his army was fighting with the Longobards the king of the Heruli was sitting quietly in his tent and played at chess. He had threatened anyone with death who should bring him word of a defeat. The watchman, who was sitting in a tree and observing the battle, kept calling out: "We win! we win!"—till at last he sighed out aloud; "Unhappy king! unhappy people of Herulia!" The king then saw that the battle was lost, but too late! For the Longobards at the same moment rushed into his tent and stabbed him . . . .

I was just reading this story in Paul Varnefrid, when the thick bundle of newspapers arrived with the glowing, red-hot intelligence from the continent. It was like sunbeams packed in printed paper, and they fired my soul with the fiercest heat. It seemed as if I could set the entire ocean right away to the North Pole on fire with the glow of ecstasy and the delirious joy blazing within me. Now I can see too why the whole sea smelt of baked plum-cake. The river Seine had carried the good news direct into the ocean, and the beautiful sea-nymphs, time out of mind devoted to heroic deeds, had at once given a *thé-dansant* in honour of the great events, and naturally the whole ocean was reeking with plum-cake. I ran about the house like a madman. First I kissed the fat landlady, and then her friendly sea-wolf. I also embraced the Prussian magistrate, from whose lips however the frosty smile of disbelief did not quite disappear. I even pressed the Dutchman to my bosom . . . . but that stolid, flabby face remained cool and unmoved, and I believe if the July sun had fallen in person on his neck, Mynherr would only have burst out into a gentle perspiration, but by no means into flames. This sobriety in the midst of universal enthu-

siasm is most aggravating. As the Spartans warned their children from intoxication, by exhibiting to them a drunken Helot as a wholesome example, so should we keep a Dutchman in all our schools, that his unsympathetic, fish-like nature might instil a thorough aversion to sobriety. Without a doubt this Dutch sobriety is a far worse vice than the drunkenness of a Helot. I could give Mynherr a thrashing . . . .

But no—no excesses! The Parisians have given us such a brilliant example of forbearance. Truly, you deserve to be free, you Frenchmen, for you carry freedom in your souls. So far you are distinguished from your unhappy fathers, who shook off the bondage of a thousand years, and yet with all their heroic deeds, they perpetrated those frantic cruelties, before which the Genius of Humanity veils his head. This time the hands of the people have only been stained with blood in the heat of the encounter, in the moment of just resistance, and not after the battle. They themselves bound up the wounds of their adversaries, and when the purpose was achieved, departed quietly to their daily occupations, without so much as asking for a

something to drink for the great work they had performed.

And the Parisians have treated the old child, whose incorrigible perversity has cost so much citizen blood, with striking forbearance. He was literally sitting at chess, like the king of the Heruli, when the victors rushed into his tent. He signed his abdication with a trembling hand. He had refused to listen to the truth. He kept his ears open only for the lies of his courtiers. They were continually exclaiming, "We win! we win!" Inexplicable was this confidence of the royal idiot . . . .. He could only look up amazed, when the Journal des Débats, as once the watchman during the battle of the Longobards, suddenly called out: "Malheureux roi! malheureuse France!"

With him, with Charles X., the kingdom of Charles the Great has at length come to an end, as the kingdom of Romulus finished with Romulus Augustulus. As then a new Rome, so now begins a new France.

It is still all like a dream; the name of Lafayette sounds to me exactly like a story of

earliest childhood. Is he really sitting once more on horseback, commanding the National Guard? I almost fear it cannot be true, for it is in print. I will go to Paris myself, that my own eyes may convince me . . . . . It must indeed look grand, if he is riding there through the streets, the citizen of both worlds, the god-like old man, the silver locks flowing down upon his sacred shoulders . . . . . With his dear old eyes he greets the descendants of those fathers who once fought beside him for Liberty and Equality . . . . . It is now sixty years since he returned from America with the declaration of the Rights of Man, the ten commandments of the New-World faith, which were delivered to him amidst the thunder and lightning of the cannon . . . . . and the tri-color flag is again floating above the walls of Paris, and I hear the Marseillaise!

Lafayette, the tri-color flag, the Marseillaise . . . I am as one intoxicated. Bold hopes rise up impassioned, like trees with golden fruit and wild shooting branches, their foliage stretching far away into the clouds . . . but the swift-flying clouds grasp them by the stem, these giant trees, and gallop with them away.

The sky hangs full of violins, and now I also can smell it—the sea is redolent of new plum-cake. There is continual fiddling up there in the sky-blue happiness, and there is a sound from the emerald waves like the joyous titter of girls. But underneath the earth, it cracks and it knocks, the ground opens, the old gods stretch out their heads from below, and hurriedly ask in amaze: "What means the rejoicing which penetrates to the bowels of the earth? What is the news? May we again come up?"—No, you must remain beneath in the confines of mist, where presently a new companion in death will come down to join you . . . . . "What is his name?"—You know him right well; 'tis he who once cast you down into the realms of eternal night . . . . .

Pan is dead!

HELGOLAND, *August* 10.

Lafayette, the tri-color flag, the Marseillaise . . . . .

Gone is my longing for repose. Now I once

again know what I will, what I should, what I must . . . . . I am the son of Revolution, and again fly to the consecrated weapons over which my mother has pronounced her magic blessing . . . . Flowers! flowers! I will crown my head for the death-struggle. And the lyre too, reach me the lyre, that I may sing a battle-song . . . . . Words like flaming meteors, which shoot headlong from on high and burn down the palaces and illumine the hovels . . . . . words like bright javelins which whirl up into the seventh heaven and strike the pious hypocrites, who have sneaked in there to the Holy of Holies . . . . . I am all joy and song, quite fire and sword!

Perhaps quite mad . . . . . one of the wild sunbeams wrapped in that printed paper has penetrated to my brain and set all my thoughts in flames. In vain I dip my head in the sea; no water quenches that Greek fire. But the rest are no better off. The Paris sun-stroke has also reached the other visitors, especially those from Berlin, who this year are here in great numbers, crossing over from one island to another, so that one might say, the whole North Sea is literally overflowing with them. Even the poor Helgo-

landers shout aloud for joy, although they only comprehend the facts instinctively. The fisherman who yesterday took me over to the little island of sand where we bathe, smiled at me, and said: "The poor people have gained the day!" Yes, the lower orders form perhaps a better notion of such events by their instinct than we with all the help of our knowledge of the facts. So Madam Varnhagen once told me: people were still ignorant of the result of the battle of Leipzig, when the maid-servant came suddenly running into the room, shrieking in terror: "The nobles have won."

This time the poor people have won. "But it won't help them, if they haven't won the succession as well!" These words were uttered by the East-Prussian magistrate in a tone which greatly struck me. I cannot say why these words, which I do not understand, should have made such an impression on my mind. What does he mean by it, the dry old rascal?

This morning another bundle of newspapers has arrived. I devour them like manna. Child that I am, the touching particulars interest me much more than the really important whole. O

that I could but see the dog Medor! That is the dog that touches my feelings, far more than those others who with hasty bounds fetched and carried the crown to Philippe of Orleans. The dog Medor carried gun and pouch-belt to his master, and when his master fell, and was buried with his fellow heroes in the court of the Louvre, there the poor dog remained, like a monument of fidelity, sitting night and day immovable on his grave, tasting but little of the food they offered him, and hiding the greatest share of it in the earth, perhaps as subsistence for his buried lord.

I can no longer get any sleep, and the quaintest images scamper through my over-excited mind all night. Waking dreams, which stumble one over the other, so that the figures are curiously mingled up together, now shrinking to dwarfs, and now lengthening out again to giants, enough to drive one mad. In this state I sometimes feel as if my own limbs were stretched out to colossal dimensions, and that I was running with horrible long legs from Germany to France and back again. Yes, I remember that last night I was running like that through every part of Germany, knocking at

the doors of my friends and disturbing them in their sleep . . . . . In some cases they stared at me with their glassy eyes in sheer amazement, so that I was frightened myself, and did not exactly know what it was I really wanted and why I woke them! Several burly citizens, whose snoring was altogether too provoking, I poked pretty smartly in the ribs, and they asked with a yawn: "What's o'clock then?" In Paris, my good friends, the cock has crowed; that is all that I know.—Beyond Augsburg, on the road to Munich, I met a number of gothic cathedrals, which appeared to be running away and were tottering along in a state of anxiety. And then, tired of so much running about, I took at last to flying, and so flew from one star to another. But they are not inhabited worlds as people fancy, they are only illuminated balls of stone, barren and unproductive. They don't tumble down below, because they are not sure what they might fall upon. Roll to and fro up above there in the greatest embarrasment. Also came into Heaven. Door and gate stood open Long, lofty, far-resounding saloons, with old-fashioned gilding, quite empty, except that here and there in a velvet arm-chair sat an old powdered domestic in red livery and gently

slumbering. In several of the rooms the folding doors were off their hinges, in other places the doors were fast locked and trebly sealed as well with large round official seals, like houses where there is a bankruptcy, or a case of death. Came at last into a room, where a thin old man was sitting at a writing table, and rummaging among a pile of papers. Was dressed in black, had perfectly white hair, a wrinkled business-like face and asked me in an undertone what I wanted? In my innocence, I took him to be the Deity, and I said to him quite confidingly, Ah, gracious Lord God, I should like to learn thundering; lighten I can . . . . ah, teach me to thunder as well! "Do not speak so loud," sharply replied the thin old man, turned his back on me, and rummaged again among his papers. "That is Mister Recorder," whispered one of the red domestics, getting up from his arm-chair, and rubbing his eyes with a yawn . . . .

Pan is dead!

CUXHAVEN, *August* 19.

Unpleasant passage in an open boat, against wind and weather; so, as is invariably the case with me, I suffered from sea-sickness. Even the sea, like other persons, rewards my affection with torment and woe. At first it is all well enough and the novelty of the motion is not unpleasant. But by degrees my head begins to swim, and all kinds of fabulous faces seem to be chattering round me. The old demons rise up from the dark whirl of waters, hideously naked to the waist, and howl wretched unintelligible verses, and splash my face with the white foam of the waves. The clouds overhead assume shapes still more unbearably ridiculous, and hang down so low that they almost touch my head, and whistle in my ear the most dismal fooleries with their stupid squeaking voices. This kind of sea-sickness, without being dangerous, is yet a source of the most horrible sensations, intolerable almost to madness. At last, in my fevered wretchedness, I fancy I am a whale, and that I am carrying the prophet Jonah in my belly.

But the prophet Jonah began to foam and fume in my belly, and kept crying out:

"O Nineveh! O Nineveh! Thy hour is at hand! beggars shall be housed in thy palaces, and Babylonian cuirassiers shall fodder their mares in thy temples. But you, ye priests of Baal, they shall take you by the ears, and shall nail your ears fast to the gates of the Temple! Yes, you chief bakers of God, they shall nail you by the ears to the doors of your shops! For ye have given false weight, ye have sold the people light, unwholesome bread! O ye sly bald-headed rogues! when the people were hungry, you gave them thin homœopathic food, and when they were thirsty, it was you who drank and not they; it was only to kings you handed the full goblet. But you, ye cits and rascals, you shall get blows with rods and cudgels, and kicks too you shall have, and slaps of the face, and I can tell it you beforehand to a certainty, for firstly I will do all that I can, that you may get them, and secondly I am a prophet, the prophet Jonah, son of Amittai . . . . . O Nineveh! O Nineveh, thy hour is at hand!"

That was something like the preaching of my ventriloquist, and it was accompanied by such violent gesticulation, and he got so entangled in

my intestines, that all inside me was grumbling and rolling about . . . . . till at last I could endure it no longer, and spat the prophet Jonah out.

By that means I was relieved, and at last recovered entirely, after landing and getting a good cup of tea at the hotel.

It swarms here with citizens of Hamburg and their wives, enjoying the sea-bathing. There are ships'-captains too from every part of the world walking about up and down on the raised dykes, waiting for a fair wind, or they may be seen hanging about the public-houses, drinking strong grog and crowing over the three days of July. The French receive their well-deserved "Bravo!" in every language, and even the Briton, otherwise so taciturn, can praise them just as eloquently as that jabbering Portuguese, who is regretting that he cannot carry his cargo of oranges direct to Paris, in order to refresh the people after the heat of the fight. Even in Hamburg, as I am told, in that Hamburg, where hatred of the French was most deeply rooted, there now prevails nothing but enthusiasm for France . . . . All is forgotten, Davoust, the

plundered bank, the slaughtered citizens, the old German coats, the vile patriotic verses, Father Blücher, hail to thee with victory crowned, all is forgotten . . . . The tri-color waves in Hamburg, everywhere resounds the Marseillaise, even the ladies appear at the theatre with three-coloured ribbons on their breasts, smiling with their blue eyes, coral lips, and dear little alabaster noses . . . . The rich bankers too, who in consequence of the revolutionary movements are losing large sums in the funds, generously share in the common enthusiasm, and even when the broker announces that the exchange is fallen still lower, they look all the more pleased and answer :

"It's all right, it don't matter, it don't matter!"——

Yes, everywhere, in all countries, men will very readily understand the significance of these three days of July, and recognise and celebrate therein a triumph for their own interests. The great deed of the French speaks so plainly to all nations and all intelligences, the highest and the lowest, and men's minds will be as deeply moved in the Steppes of the Bashkeras as on the heights

of Andalusia . . . . I can already see the macaroni stand sticking in the mouth of the Neapolitan, the potato in that of the Irishman, when the news reaches them . . . . Punchinello feels equal to brandishing the sword, and Paddy may perhaps make a bull, not calculated to make the English laugh.

And Germany? I cannot say. Shall we at last put our oak forests to their proper use, namely as barricades for the liberation of the world? Shall we, on whom nature has bestowed so much penetration, so much strength, so much courage, at last employ our divine gifts, and comprehend, proclaim and bring to maturity the great word of the Master, the doctrine of the Rights of Man?

It is now six years since I was travelling on foot through Germany, when I came to the Wartburg and visited the cell once inhabited by Doctor Luther. An honest man with whom I find no fault; he accomplished a gigantic work, and we shall always kiss his hands in gratitude for what he did. We will not quarrel with him because he treated our friends so harshly, when they wished to go somewhat further than himself

in the exegesis of the Divine Word, when they would have instituted earthly equality among men as well . . . . . Such a proposal was certainly inopportune at the moment, and Master Hemling, who chopped off thy head, poor Thomas Münzer, why he was to a certain extent warranted in what he did; for he had the sword handy, and his arm was strong!

. . .

I also visited the armoury in the Wartburg, where the old armour hangs, the ancient spiked helmets, the shields, halberds, hauberks, that iron wardrobe of the middle ages. Absorbed in thought, I wandered round the hall, accompanied by a university friend, a young scion of nobility, whose father was in those days one of the most powerful of our petty princes, and ruled the whole of a little trembling province. His ancestors had also been powerful barons, and the young man revelled in heraldic reminiscences at the sight of the armour and the weapons, which, according to the card attached, had one day belonged to some cavalier of the family. On taking down the long sword of one of these ancestors to try out of curiosity whether he was able to wield it, he had to confess that it was too heavy, and dropped his arm disappointed.

When I saw this, when I saw that the arm of the son was too weak for the sword of his fathers, it came silently into my mind : Germany might be free.

[*Nine years later.*]

Between my first and second meeting with Börne lies that July revolution, which divides, as it were, our days into two portions. The foregoing letters serve to show the frame of mind in which that great event found me, and in the present memoir they will serve as a connecting link between the first and third books. The transition were else too abrupt. I felt reluctant to communicate more of them, for in those which immediately follow, the frenzy of a new-born freedom rioted too unrestrained, and defiant of all police regulations, whilst in the later ones a far more sober view prevails, and the heart, undeceived, is lost in dejected, desponding, and despairing thoughts! In the first few days after my arrival in the capital city of Revolution, I at once saw that things in their reality bore quite a different complexion from that which the

colouring of my enthusiasm had given them at a distance. The silver hairs which I had seen floating so majestically over the shoulders of Lafayette, the hero of both worlds, on closer observation were changed into a brown wig, scantily covering a scanty head. And even the dog Medor, whom I visited in the court of the Louvre, and who, stretched out under tricoloured flags and trophies, was quietly submitting to be fed, he was not at all the real dog, but quite a common-place brute, ready to accept any foreign service, as so commonly happens with the French, and after this fashion, like so many others, was helping to spread the fame of the French revolution . . . . he was caressed, promoted, advanced perhaps to the highest honours, while the real Medor had modestly made off after the victory, like the real people, the authors of the revolution . . . . .

Poor people! Poor dog! *sic.*

But it is the old story. From time immemorial, it is not for themselves, no, not for themselves that the people have groaned and bled. In July 1830 they carried the day for that Bourgeoisie which proved to be just as unworthy

as that Noblesse whose place it supplied, and all of whose self-conceit it inherited . . . . . The people have gained nothing by their victory except repentance and still heavier troubles. But rest assured, when the alarm-bell shall once again be sounded, and the people once more rush to arms, the warfare they wage will be for themselves, and they will then demand the reward they have so well deserved. That time the real, genuine Medor will be flattered and caressed . . . . . God knows where he is now running about, despised, insulted, and starving . . . . .

Be still, my heart, thou betrayest thyself too much . . . . .

THIRD BOOK.

—— —— —— It was in the autumn of 1831, one year after the July revolution, that I again saw Doctor Ludwig Börne at Paris. I called on him at the Hotel de Castille, and was not a little surprised at the great change in his appearance. The morsel of flesh which I had formerly noticed in his body had now entirely vanished, melted perhaps by the rays of the July sun, which, alas! had also penetrated to his brain. A suspicious brilliance sparkled in his eyes. He sat, or rather he dwelt, in a coloured silk dressing-gown, like a tortoise in its shell, and when at times he bent forward his narrow little head with a look of distrust, it made me feel quite uncomfortable. But pity at once predominated when he stretched out the poor attenuated hand from its roomy sleeve to welcome me with a friendly shake. Bodily infirmity trembled in his voice, and the red, transparent streaks of consumption already grinned upon his cheeks. The seeming mistrust

which lurked in all his features and movements was perhaps owing to a dulness of hearing, from which he had always suffered in early life, but which latterly had perceptibly increased, and not a little contributed to detract from the pleasure of his conversation.

"Welcome to Paris!" he cried as I entered. "This is capital! I feel convinced that the right sort, those who really mean well, will all of them soon be here. This is the trysting-place for all patriots from every part of Europe, and all countries must join hands in the noble work. We must give our rulers plenty of employment, each in his own land, so that they shall not act in concert to stifle liberty in Germany. Ah, God! Ah, Germany! Things will soon look very gloomy with us, and very sanguinary. Revolutions are terrible affairs, but they are as necessary as amputations when mortification has set in. No delay then with the knife, and no timid hesitation. Any wavering is dangerous, and whoever performs the operation by halves, from pity or fear at the sight of so much blood, acts with greater cruelty than the worst of tyrants. The devil take all tender-hearted surgeons and their half-measures! Marat

was quite right, *il faut faire saigner le genre humain*, and if they had granted him the 300,000 heads which he demanded, millions of better people would not have been sacrificed, and the world would have been cured for ever of its ancient malady!"

"The republic"—I let the man speak on, with the omission of a few digressive flourishes —"the republic must be carried out. The republic alone can save us. The devil take the so-called constitutional measures from which our German twaddlers in the Chamber expect such great things. Constitutions bear the same relation to freedom as positive religions to natural religion; by their element of stability they are productive of just as much evil as those positive religions, which, calculated for a certain frame of mind among the people, at first even more than satisfy that frame of mind, but afterwards become intolerable when the aspirations of the people outrun the statute. Constitutions mean that political condition in which the privileged classes relinquish a few of their rights; and the poor people, who till then had been quite shut out in the cold, suddenly think they have reason to rejoice, because they too have acquired a few

rights . . . . . But as soon as these people, owing to this additional freedom, have become ripe for the idea of a complete, entirely unqualified, entirely equalised liberty, their rejoicing comes to an end; what to-day appears to us an important acquisition will seem to our descendants a paltry compromise, and the smallest privilege still possessed by the old aristocracy, the right perhaps to wear a flower in their coats, will then give rise to just as much bitterness as formerly the vilest bondage; yes, a still deeper bitterness, since the aristocracy will flaunt this, their last paltry privilege, all the more ostentatiously! . . . . . Only a natural religion, only a republic, can save us. But the last remains of the old *régime* must be destroyed before we can think about instituting a new and better *régime*. Then come the do-nothing imbeciles and quietists, and begin snivelling that we revolutionists have pulled everything down without being in a position to put anything in its place! And they praise up the institutions of the middle ages, under which mankind lived so peacefully and secure. And now, say they, everything is so bald, and dry, and barren, and life full of doubt and uncertainty. Once I used always to get furious over these laudations

of the middle ages; but now I have become accustomed to the tune, and am only annoyed when these charming singers drop into another key and are for ever lamenting about our pulling down. We had nothing else in our thoughts but pulling down. And how foolish is such an accusation! You clearly cannot rebuild before the old structure has been removed, and he who pulls down deserves quite as much credit as he who builds up; indeed more, because his work is much more urgent . . . . . For instance, there was an old church standing in Trinity Square at Frankfort, which was so rotten and tumble-down it was feared that some day many people might be killed or injured by its sudden fall. It was pulled down, and those who pulled it down prevented a great calamity, whereas the original builders of the church were only promoting a great good . . . . . and it is better to dispense with a great good than to have to endure a great calamity! It is true that in the old walls there once glowed much religious splendour, and in later times they served as a pious relic of the middle ages, quite poetical to look at of an evening in the moonlight . . . . . but whoever got some of those stones of the venerable middle ages about his head on passing

by, as my poor cousin did (he bled considerably, and even to this day feels the wound) would curse the lovers of old buildings, and bless the bold workmen who pull such dangerous ruins down . . . . . Yes, they pulled them down, they levelled them with the ground, and green shrubs grow there now, and little children play there at midday in the sunshine."

In these speeches there was not a trace of the old playfulness, and the humour of the man, which had now lost all its good-tempered gaiety, had become bitter as gall, bloodthirsty and dry. That sudden shifting from one object to another was no longer owing to the madness of a mood, but to a moody madness, and was probably to be attributed to the perusal of journals of every complexion, with which Börne then busied himself night and day. In the midst of these terrorist expectorations he suddenly snatched up one of these newspapers, which lay spread out in great heaps before him, and exclaimed with a laugh :—

"You can read it here, here it stands in print: 'Germany is pregnant with great things!' Yes, that is true, Germany is big with great events; but there will be a difficult labour, and

we require a man-midwife, who will have to operate with iron instruments. What do you think?"

I do not think that Germany is pregnant.

"No, no, you are mistaken. An abortion may perhaps be brought into the world, but Germany will give birth. Only we must get rid of the garrulous old women who press round and offer their services at the delivery. For instance, there is that slut Von Rotteck. That old woman is not even an honest man. A paltry writer who does a bit of liberal demagogism, and turns to account the enthusiasm of the hour, in order to get a sale for his miserable books; in order to give himself importance generally. He is half fox, half dog, and clothes himself in a wolf's skin, that he may howl along with the wolves. Why, there is that stupid fool Von Raumer, I prefer him a thousand times—I am just reading his 'Letters from Paris'—he is all dog, and when he snarls liberal he deceives nobody, and everybody knows that he is a fawning poodle that will not bite. He is constantly running round to all the kitchens sniffing, and would like once for all to be sticking his

nose into our soups, only that he is afraid of being kicked by his respected patrons. And they do actually kick him, and look upon a poor brute like that as a revolutionist. Good heavens, it only asks for a little liberty to wag its tail, and when they grant it, then it gratefully licks the golden spurs of those spurious sons of chivalry. Nothing is more amusing than such untiring activity combined with such untiring patience. This is made quite evident in these letters, where the poor run-about hound relates in every page, how he is content to wait at the doors of the Paris theatres . . . . . Yes, I assure you, he is content to squeeze in with the mob, and is so silly as to tell it himself. But that which more fully, that which completely displays the meanness of his soul, is the confession, that whenever he leaves the theatre before the end of the performance, he always sells his countermarque. It is true that, as a foreigner, he is not bound to know that selling like that is degrading to any ordinary person; but it was only requisite that he should look at the people to whom he was selling these checks, and then he could see for himself that they were nothing but the dregs of society, pickpockets and pimps, in short persons with whom any

ordinary man would not care to speak, much less to transact business with. He must be very dirty by nature who takes money from those dirty hands!"

That no one should suppose I quite coincided with Börne in his estimate of Professor Friedrich von Raumer, I may remark to the latter's advantage, that I certainly consider him dirty, but by no means stupid. The word dirty, I would also particularly remark, must not be here taken in its literal sense . . . . Otherwise the professor's lady would scream murder, and have all the washing bills published, in which are set down how many flannel-jackets and shirts her dear little man puts on in the course of the year . . . . . and I am convinced the number is large, since in the course of the year the professor runs about so much, and consequently sweats, and consequently requires so much clean linen. The fact is, that Fame does not come flying into his house ready cooked; he has on the contrary to be continually on his legs, looking it up, and when he writes a book, he has first to run from Pontius to Pilate to collect the ideas, and then to take measures that the opus thus laboriously compiled is properly supported

by the literary *claque*. The busy insinuating little man stands quite alone in his industrious ways, and not without justice an ingenious lady once remarked: "His writing is more properly speaking a running." Wherever anything is to be got, there it is, the poor little Raumer from Anhalt Dessau. Not long since it ran to London; previously to that, it was seen running here there and everywhere, in order to beg the necessary letters of introduction, and after it had sniffed about a bit in English society, and had run together a book, it ran to earth a publisher for the English translation, and my amiable friend, Sarah Austin, had to lend her pen *nolens volens*, to translate the sour blotting-paper German into fine vellum English, and to induce her friends to notice the translated result in the various English reviews . . . . . and then Brockhaus of Leipzig gets these English criticisms, thus run together, again translated into German under the title: English Opinions of Fr. von Raumer!

I repeat, that I do not agree with Börne's opinion of Professor Raumer; he is a dirty fellow, but not a fool, as Börne intends, who perhaps criticised his unfortunate rival thus

severely, because he too had in like manner published "Letters from Paris," and so took every occasion to shower upon him whole bucketfulls of the most spiteful ridicule.

Yes, do not laugh, Herr von Raumer was at that time a rival of Börne, whose Paris letters appeared almost simultaneously with the letters we have mentioned, in which our little Raumer corresponded with Madame Erlanger and her husband from Paris.

These letters are long since forgotten, and we only remember the ludicrous impression which they produced, on appearing in the literary market at the same time with the Paris letters of Börne. As concerns the latter, I must confess that the two first volumes, which I caught sight of at the time, not a little alarmed me. I was astonished at that ultra-radical tone, which I should least have expected from Börne. The man who, in his becoming, tasteful way of writing, seemed always to examine and control himself, and who first weighed and measured every syllable before he wrote it down . . . . . the man, who in his style always retained something of his homely manner, if not even of the

caution of his former office . . . . . the man who once was chief-clerk of police in Frankfort-on-the-Mayn now plunged into a sansculottism of ideas and expressions, the like of which had never been experienced in Germany. Heavens! what terrible compounds; what high-treasonous verbs! what regicidal accusatives! what imperatives! what criminal notes of interrogation! what metaphors, whose mere shadows were deserving of twenty years' incarceration! But in spite of the horror with which those letters inspired me, they recalled to my mind a ludicrous scene, which almost set me laughing, and which it is impossible I can here pass over. I confess then that the impression I formed of Börne, as represented in these letters, reminded me of an old sergeant of police, who reigned in my native town, when I was a little boy. I say reigned, because, administering the public peace with his unquestionable stick, he inspired us young ones with a sovereign respect, and by his mere appearance dispersed us whenever we were becoming a little too unruly in the streets. This police sergeant suddenly became deranged, and fancied that he too was a little street urchin, and to our unutterable surprise we beheld the all-powerful ruler of the place, instead of keeping

order himself, exciting us on to every conceivable mischief. "You are much too tame," he cried, "but I will show you how to kick up a row!" And then he set to work, roaring like a lion, or mewing like a tom-cat, and he rang at the houses till he broke the bell-pulls, and threw stones at the jingling window-panes, all the while roaring out: "I'll teach you, you youngsters, how to kick up a row!" We little boys were highly delighted at the old man and ran after him shouting, till they took him away to the madhouse.

Whilst reading these letters of Börne, I was positively always thinking of the old sergeant of police and fancied I could again hear his voice: "I'll teach you how to kick up a row."

This sudden stride in his political insanity was less observable in Börne's oral communications, since they waited upon the passions which were raging immediately around him, keeping themselves in readiness for the blow, and, as a matter of fact, they not unfrequently administered it. When I visited Börne for the second time, in the Rue de Provence, where he had permanently taken up his quarters, I found

such a menagerie of people in his room as one would scarcely meet with in the Jardin des Plantes. In the background squatted some German polar-bears, who smoked tobacco and scarcely ever spoke, only now and then swearing out a few national thunder-words in the deepest bass. Near them sat a Polish wolf, who wore a red cap, and at times howled forth the veriest threadbare remarks from a very husky throat. Then there was a French ape I found there, who was certainly one of the ugliest I ever saw; he was continually making grimaces, in order, I suppose, that one might select the least repulsive of them. The most insignificant person in the whole of that Börne menagerie was a Herr *, a son of the old *, a wine-merchant in Frankfort-on-the-Mayn, who had clearly begotten him in a very sober moment . . . . . a tall, emaciated figure, that looked like the shadow of an eau-de-cologne bottle, but by no means smelt like the contents of one. With all his haggard appearance, Börne maintained that he never wore less than twelve woollen under-waistcoats, and that without them he could not possibly exist. Börne was constantly making merry at his expense:—

"I here present you a star; it certainly is not a star of the first magnitude, but it is related to the sun, and thence receives its light . . . . . he is, in fact, a humble relative of the Rothschilds . . . . . Only imagine, Herr *, I dreamt last night I saw the Frankfort Rothschild hanged, and it was you that put the rope round his neck . . . . ."

Herr * started at these words, and, as if frightened to death, cried out: "Herr Berne, I beg you not say such thing . . . . . I haf ma reeshuns . . . . ." "I haf ma reeshuns"—repeated the young man several times, and turning to me, begged in a low tone that I would follow him into a corner of the room, that he might inform me of his delicate "pothithun." "You see," said he in a whisper, "I am in a very delicate position. On the one hand Madame Wohl of the Wollgraben is my aunt, and on the other hand Baron Rothschild's wife is also, so to say, my aunt. I beg you will not mention at Baron Rothschild's that you have seen me here at Berne's . . . . . I haf ma reeshuns."

Börne was constantly making himself merry at this unfortunate man's expense, and he particularly twitted him with his slovenly and

jargon-like way of speaking French. "My good countryman," said he, "the French are wrong to laugh at you; it only exposes their ignorance. If they understood German, they would perceive how correctly your sentences are translated, namely, from a German point of view . . . . . and why should you be ashamed of your nationality? I can even admire the facility with which you transfer your mother tongue, the Frankfort smouchy, into French . . . . . The French are ignorant people, and will never bring themselves to learn German even tolerably. They have no patience . . . . . We Germans are the most patient and most teachable people . . . . . What a quantity we had to learn even as boys! What a quantity of Latin! What a quantity of Greek! What a quantity of Persian kings, and all their relatives, up to the grandfather! . . . . . I wager that these ignorant Frenchmen would never know, no, not to their dying day, that the mother of Cyrus was called Lady Mandane, and was born an Astyages. And then we have published the best handbooks for every kind of knowledge. Neander's Church History and Meyer Hirsch's Arithmetic are classical works. We are a thoughtful people, and because we had so many

ideas that it was impossible to write them all down, we invented printing; and because we were so often without bread, from sheer thinking and book-making, we invented potatoes."

"The German nation," growled the German patriot from his corner, "also invented gunpowder."

Börne turned sharply round to the patriot who had interrupted him with this remark, and said, with a sarcastic smile: "You are wrong, my friend; it is not exactly correct to say that the German nation invented gunpowder. The German nation consists of thirty millions of people. Only one of these invented gunpowder .... the remaining 29,999,999 Germans did not invent gunpowder. Any way powder is a good invention, just as printing is, if one only makes the right use of it. But we Germans employ the press to spread stupidity, and gunpowder to spread slavery——"

On this ridiculous assertion being objected to, Börne, continuing the subject, resumed: "Well and good, I will admit that the press in Germany has been productive of much good,

but that is outweighed by the great amount of mischief which has been printed. This must, at all events, be acknowledged with regard to domestic liberty . . . . . Ah, when I look back upon the whole history of Germany, I find that Germans possess but little genius for domestic freedom, and, on the contrary, that they were always quick at learning the art of slavery, whether theoretical or practical, and they have succeeded in spreading the doctrine, not only at home, but also abroad. The Germans were ever the *ludi magistri* of slavery, and wherever a blind obedience had to be cudgelled into the body or the mind, a German has been employed as drill-master. We have thus spread slavery throughout the whole of Europe, and German princes sit upon every European throne, as monuments of the inundation, just as petrified sea-monsters were found on the highest mountains after the floods of old . . . . . and even now, scarcely is a people free but a German cudgel is tied to its back . . . . . and actually in the sacred home of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, in emancipated Greece, German slavery has been introduced, and Bavarian beer is flowing and the Bavarian stick is omnipotent on the Acropolis at Athens . . . . . Yes, it is

shocking that the King of Bavaria, that small tyrannus and execrable poet, should be allowed to place his son on the throne of that land, where once flourished freedom and the art of song, that land where there is a plain called Marathon and a mountain named Parnassus! When I think of it my brain turns giddy . . . . . I read in to-day's paper of three students in Munich having to kneel down and ask pardon before the statue of the king. Kneel before the statue of a man, and that man a wretched poet into the bargain! If I only had him in my power, this bad poet should kneel down before the statue of the Muses, and beg pardon for his vile verses, for the insulted majesty of Poesy! Now talk to me of the Roman emperors, who caused so many thousands of Christians to be put to death because they refused to kneel before their statues . . . . . those tyrants were at all events masters of the whole world, from sunrise to sunset, and as we still see from their statues, if not actually gods, were at least well-favoured men. All said and done, one readily bows to power and beauty. But to kneel to impotence and ugliness ——— ——— ———."

The intelligent reader will not require any special hint on what grounds I do not permit the slanderer to speak on. I imagine that the phrases already introduced are sufficient to indicate the man's disposition at the time; a disposition quite in harmony with the inflammatory doings of those German tumultuaries, who came to Paris in swarms after the July revolution and at once congregated about Börne. It is hard to understand how a head, otherwise so sensible, could have allowed itself to be talked over by the merest insanity, and led astray by the wildest hopes!

Was it virtue or madness which induced Börne to sniff up the foulest odours of the dung-heap with delight and to take pleasure in wallowing in plebeian filth? Who shall solve the enigma of this man, who had been reared in silken luxury, had then asserted his mental superiority in the loftiest flights, and towards the end of his days, suddenly adopted the tones of the rabble and all the usual ensigns of a demagogue of the lowest grade? Was it the misfortunes of his country which goaded him on to the last degree of resentment, or was he seized with the painful consciousness of a life thrown

away? . . . . . Yes, perhaps it was that; he saw that throughout his whole existence, with all his intellect and all his powers, he had effected nothing, neither for himself nor for others, and he veiled his head, or to use a more homely expression, he drew the cap over his ears and would neither see nor hear any further, and plunged into the howling abyss . . . . . That is always one resource which remains open to us, when we have arrived at those hopeless confines, where all the flowers are withered, where the body is weary and the mind unhinged . . . . . I will not answer for it, that under similar circumstances I might not do the same . . . . . Who knows? perhaps at the close of my days, overcoming my dislike to the fumes of tobacco, I may learn to smoke, and hold forth the most unwashed orations before the most unwashed of audiences . . . . .

Looking through Börne's "Letters from Paris," I lately lighted upon a passage, which is in singular keeping with the observations which have just escaped me. It is as follows:—

— — "You will perhaps ask with astonishment how a simpleton like me could come to name

himself with Byron? So I must tell you something which you do not yet know. As Byron's genius, in its journey through the firmament, touched upon the earth to spend an evening there, it came first to my house. But the house did not suit it at all, it hurried away again and alighted at the Hôtel Byron. That has pained me many a year, it has long made me unhappy, to think that I had become so contemptible, had actually arrived at nothing. But it is over now. I have forgotten it and live content in my poverty. My misfortune is to have been born in that middle class for which I am by no means suited. Had my father been possessor of millions or else a beggar, had I been the son of a nobleman or else of a pickpocket, I should certainly have arrived at something. The half way, which others had got by their birth, discouraged me; had they been the whole of the distance ahead, I should not have seen them and have caught them up. As it is I am become the pendulum of a common kitchen-clock, swinging right, swinging left, and always returning to the middle."

Börne wrote this the 20th March, 1831. He prophesied of himself as badly as he prophesied of other people. The homely kitchen-clock

became an alarm-bell, the sound of which spread terror and dismay all around. I have already shown what impetuous ringers were pulling at the ropes, I have pointed out how Börne served as the organ of the contemporaneous excitement, and his writings must not be regarded as the production of the individual, but as a manifesto of our political fire-and-fury period. That which made itself most felt in that period and raised the fermentation to a boiling pitch, were the proceedings in Poland and Rhenish Bavaria, both of which exercised the most profound influence on Börne's mind. His enthusiasm for the cause of Poland was as warm as it was one-sided, and when that courageous country fell in spite of the most wonderful bravery of its heroes, Börne's patience and reason broke through all restraint. And indeed the monstrous fate of so many noble martyrs of Freedom, who, passing through Germany in mournful procession, congregated at length in Paris, was well calculated to stir an honourable sensitive heart to its very depths. But what need have I to remind thee, kind reader, of these melancholy things? Thou hast seen the passage of the Poles through Germany with thine own moistened eyes, and thou knowest that the peaceful, quiet inhabitants of Germany, who bear

the misfortunes of their own country with such patience, were so greatly moved with pity and resentment at the sight of these unhappy Sarmatians, and so entirely lost to all self-control, that we were near upon doing that for these foreigners which we should by no means have ever done for ourselves, namely, to set aside the holiest duties of the subject, and to stir up a revolution . . . . . for the benefit of the Poles.

Yes, that flying visit of the Poles did more to convulse the popular feeling in Germany than any amount of governmental oppression or democratic writing, and it was a great mistake of the respective German governments, that they permitted that visit in the form it took. It was clearly a still greater mistake that they did not allow the Poles to remain even longer than they did; for these cavaliers of Liberty, would of themselves, by any lengthened stay, have dispelled that alarming and very dangerous sympathy which they at first awakened among us. But they passed hurriedly through the land, without having time, either by their lies or their honesty, to discredit one another, and so left behind them a commotion highly dangerous to the State.

Yes, we Germans were very nearly stirring up a revolution, and not, mind you, from resentment and indignation, like other nations, but out of commiseration, out of compassion for our poor guests and friends, the Poles. Our hearts beat responsively when, at the fire-side, they related what they had suffered at the hands of the Russians, what misery, what blows of the knout . . . . . At the blows we listened all the more sympathetically, for a secret foreboding reminded us that these Russian blows, which the Poles had already received, were precisely the same which we should ourselves have to endure at some future day. German mothers flung their hands above their heads in despair on hearing that the Emperor Nicholas, the man-eater, devoured three Polish children every morning, quite raw, with vinegar and oil. But most deeply moved of all were our young maidens, as they reclined by moonlight on the heroic breasts of these Polish martyrs, and whined and lamented with them over the fall of Warsaw and the victory of the Russian barbarians . . . . . These were no frivolous Frenchmen, who on such occasions are accustomed only to fondle and smile . . . . . No, these lachrymose moustachios gave something

in return for the heart; they had brains, and nothing could equal the extravagance with which German maidens and matrons besought their lovers and husbands, as quickly as possible to stir up a revolution : . . . . for the benefit of the Poles.

Any revolution is a misfortune, but a still greater misfortune is a revolution which miscarries; and with such we were threatened by the immigration of these northern friends, who might easily have introduced into our affairs all that disorder and confusion which had been their own destruction at home. Their intercourse would have been all the more injurious for us, seeing that German inexperience would gladly have allowed itself to be influenced by that petty Polish cunning which gives itself out for political insight, and the very modesty of Germans, attracted by that smart chivalry peculiar to the Poles, might have entrusted the latter with the most important positions as leaders. In that respect I was at the time not a little anxious about the popularity of the Poles. Much since then is changed, and for the future, for the interests of freedom in Germany hereafter, one has little to fear from enthusiasm for

the Poles. Ah no, when Germany is once again aroused, and that time will assuredly come, the Poles will scarcely exist even in name, they will have become entirely amalgamated with the Russians, and as such we shall meet each other amid the thunder of the battle-field . . . . . and they will be less dreaded by us as enemies than as friends. The only advantage for which we have to thank them is that hatred of Russia which they scattered broadcast among us, and which, ever on usury in the German mind, will greatly contribute to unite us when the great hour strikes, in which we shall have to defend ourselves against that terrible giant, who as yet still sleeps, but in sleeping grows, the feet outstretching wide into the fragrant flower-garden of the East, and the head resting on the North Pole, dreaming a new world-empire . . . . . Germany will one day have to stand the battle with this giant, and in that event it is well that we should have learnt thus early to hate the Russians, that this hate should be intensified in us, that all other nations should partake of it . . . . . that is the service which the Poles are now rendering us, roaming through the whole world as the propaganda of Russian hate. Ah, these unlucky Poles! They will themselves be

one day the first victims of our blind resentment; when once the fight begins, they will form the advance-guard of the Russians, and then they will enjoy the bitter fruit which they themselves have sown. Is it the will of fate, or is it overwhelming conceit, which has always condemned the Poles to dig for themselves the most destructive pitfalls, and at last the grave of death . . . . . ever since the days of Sobiesky, who defeated the Turks, Poland's natural allies, and saved the Austrians . . . . . the chivalrous blockhead!

I have just now spoken of the "petty cunning of the Poles." I do not think the expression will give rise to misconception; at any rate, it comes from the mouth of a man whose heart was one of the first to beat for Poland, and who spoke and felt for that heroic people even long before the Polish revolution. But I will so far modify the expression, as to state emphatically, that it here applies to the years 1831 and 1832, when the Poles did not possess even the most elementary knowledge of the great science of Liberty, and considered politics to be nothing else than just a web of woman's trickery and deceit; in short, as an elucidation of that "petty

Polish cunning" for which they fancied they had quite a special talent.

These Poles had come straight, so to say, from their country's middle ages, and, carrying whole forests of primeval ignorance in their heads, they rushed to Paris, and there threw themselves either into the sections of the republicans or into the sacristies of the Catholic schools: for one requires to know but little to be a republican, and to be a Catholic one requires to know absolutely nothing, one only requires to believe. Even the most sensible among them understood revolution only in the form of an *émeute*, and they never suspected that little was to be gained, in Germany of all places, by tumult and street-rioting. The manœuvre to which one of their greatest statesmen resorted, in combating the German government, was quite as unprofitable as it was ridiculous. He had noticed, namely, during the transit of the Poles, that one individual Pole was sufficient to set any quiet German town in an uproar, and as he was the most learned man in Lithuania, and knew exactly from his geography book that Germany consisted in some thirty states, he consequently sent a Pole from time to time to the capital of each of these

states . . . . . he staked, as it were, a Pole on any one of these thirty German states, as on a number at roulette, probably without any great hope of winning, but calmly reckoning: there is not much lost in one Pole, but if he really causes an *émeute*, my number wins, and so perhaps we may get a whole revolution out of it!

I speak of the years 1831 and 1832. Since then eight years have passed away, and the Poles, as well as many of the German-speaking heroes, have received many a bitter but useful lesson, and not a few of them have been able to employ the horrible leisure of exile in the study of common sense. Misfortune has been their severe schoolmaster, and has enabled them to learn something useful. Some day, when they return to their native country, they will be able there to scatter abroad most beneficial seed, and the world, if not their own land, will certainly gather the fruits of their sowing. The light which they will then bring home may spread far and wide to the most distant north-east, and set the gloomy pine forests in a blaze, so that our enemies shall see each other by the glare of the flames, and thus become alarmed at one another . . . . They can then throttle each other in the delirium of

mutual dismay, and release us from all danger of their visits. Providence at times entrusts the torch to the most careless hands, in order that a wholesale conflagration may be kindled in the world . . . . .

No, Poland is not yet lost . . . . . its actual life has not been terminated with its political existence. As Israel in former times, after the fall of Jerusalem, so perhaps after the fall of Warsaw, may Poland again rise to the highest destinies. It may be that deeds are yet in store for this nation, which the Genius of Humanity will prize even higher than all its past history of battles won, all its knightly clang of arms and all the trampling of its chargers! And even without this prospect of a fairer future, Poland can never be quite lost . . . . . She will live for ever in the most glorious pages of history!!!

Next to the passage of the Poles, I have mentioned the events in Rhenish Bavaria as the immediate cause of the eruption in Germany after the July revolution, and as exercising the greatest influence on our countrymen in Paris. The National Assembly here was at first nothing else but an affiliated society of the press-union in

Zweibrücken. One of the most influential orators among the Bipontines came here; I never heard him speak in the National Assembly, and only once saw him accidentally at a coffee-house, where with lofty brow he was proclaiming the new-born kingdom, and threatening all luke-warm traitors, especially the editors of the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung, with the gibbet . . . . . (I am surprised that at that time I had the courage to be one of the active editors of the Allgemeine Zeitung . . . . now the times are less dangerous . . . . . Since then eight years have passed, and that man of terror, the Zweibrücken tribune, is at this present moment one of the busiest contributors to that very journal . . . . .)

It was in Rhenish Bavaria that the German revolution was to receive its birth. It seemed a moral certainty that it would begin in Zweibrücken, and everything there was ripe for the outbreak. But it appears that the humane dispositions of a few persons frustrated this most lawless undertaking. There was, for example, one tremendous blusterer among the Bipontine conspirators, always the loudest in his denunciations, the wildest to boil over with hatred

of all tyrants, and this man was instructed, by way of a beginning, at once to kill a sentry who was on duty at an important post . . . . . "What!"—he cried, as this order was given him—"what! me, you suppose me capable of such a dreadful, such an abominable, such a bloodthirsty deed? I, I am to kill an innocent sentry? I, the father of a family! And this sentry perhaps the father of a family as well! The father of a family to murder the father of a family! Yes, put to death! assassinate!"

As Dr. Pistor, one of the Zweibrücken heroes, who told me this story, is now beyond the reach of all harm, I may venture to name him as my informant. He assured me that the German revolution was for the time postponed owing to the sentimentality of this Paterfamilias. And yet the moment was sufficiently favourable. The general outbreak in Germany could only have been attempted with any prospect of success at that time and during the days of the Hambach festival. Those days at Hambach were the last margin which the Goddess of Freedom vouchsafed us; the stars were favourable; but after that every chance of succeeding was extinguished. There were very many men of

action assembled there, who themselves were thoroughly in earnest, and who might have reckoned on certain help. Everyone saw that it was the right moment for the great attempt, and the majority were prepared to set life and fortune on the throw . . . . . It was most assuredly not fear which at that time bridled the word and repressed the deed. What was it, then, which restrained the men of Hambach from commencing the revolution?

I scarcely venture to tell it, for it sounds incredible, but I had the story from authentic sources, namely, from a republican, a man well known as a lover of truth, and who himself sat on the committee at Hambach, when they were deliberating about the projected revolution; that man confessed to me in confidence, when the question of competence was brought forward, and opinions were divided as to whether the patriots then assembled at Hambach were really competent to proclaim a revolution in the name of all Germany, those who counselled instant action were outvoted by the majority, and this was the decision arrived at: "They were not competent."

O Schilda, my Fatherland!

I do not know whether Venedey will forgive me for betraying this competence affair, and naming him as my informant; but it is the best story I ever heard in the world. When I think of it I forget all the troubles of this earthly vale of sorrow, and perhaps after death the remembrance of it may at times enliven me in the gloomy solitude of the land of shadows . . . . . Yes, I am convinced if I there relate it to Proserpine, the moody consort of the infernal god, it will cause her to smile, perhaps even to laugh outright . . . . .

O Schilda, my Fatherland!

Is not this story worthy to be worked on velvet in letters of gold, like the poem of the Mo-allakat to be seen in the mosque at Mecca? At all events I should like to put it into verse and have it set to music, to be sung as a lullaby to our big baby kings . . . . . You would then enjoy your sleep in quiet, and as recompense for the fear-dispelling song which I had sung to you, ye big baby kings, I would pray you to open the prison doors of the incarcerated patriots . . . . . You run no risk, the German revolution is still far distant, more haste worse speed,

and the question of competence is not yet decided

O Schilda, my Fatherland!

But however this may be, the festival at Hambach belongs to the most remarkable events of German history, and if Börne, who was present, is to be believed, it prognosticated well for the cause of liberty. I had long lost Börne out of sight, and it was on his return from Hambach that I met him again, and that, too, for the last time in this life. We were walking together in the gardens of the Tuileries; he told me a great deal about Hambach, and was still quite in ecstasies over the jubilations of that great national demonstration. He could not sufficiently praise the unanimity and decorum which prevailed there. I have also learnt from other sources that there were really no very serious excesses, neither drunken brawling nor unseemly behaviour, and that the orgies, the rioting, were to be found in the imagination rather than in the reality. Many a foolish word was uttered aloud in the speeches, some of which were afterwards published. But the actual madness was merely whispered. Börne told me that while he was talking with Siebenpfeifer, an old peasant

went up to him and mumbled a few words in his ear. "Out of curiosity," added Börne, "I asked Siebenpfeifer what the peasant wanted, and he confessed that the old man had said to him in so many words: Herr Siebenpfeifer, if you would like to be king, we will make you!"

"I was immensely amused"—continued Börne—"we were all the best of friends, shook each other by the hand, drank eternal friendship, and I particularly remember crying for at least an hour with some old man, and I cannot for the life of me make out why. We Germans are a famous lot, and by no means so unpractical as once. We had, too, the most lovely May weather at Hambach, like milk and roses, and there was a pretty girl there, who wanted to kiss my hand, as though I had been an old Capuchin; I could not allow that, so her father and mother told her to kiss my cheek, and assured me that she had read the whole of my works with the greatest delight. I was immensely amused. And they robbed me of my watch too. But that again pleased me, that is as it should be, that gives me hope. We too, and it's quite right, we too have rascals among us, and so we shall get on all the better. There is that

cursed fellow Montesquieu, who wants to persuade us that virtue is the first principle of the republican! And I was afraid at first that our party might really consist of nothing but honest people, and so we should be likely to fail. It is absolutely necessary that we, as well as the enemy, should have rascals among us. I should very much have liked to discover the patriot who eased me of my watch; when we came into power I would at once intrust him with the police and diplomacy. But I shall get at him, the thief. I mean to advertise in the Hambach paper, and offer to give the respected finder of my watch the sum of 100 louis d'or. The watch is worth it, if only as a curiosity: you see it is the first watch stolen by German freedom. Yes, we too, Germania's sons, we too will wake up from our drowsy honesty . . . . . tremble, tyrants, we can steal as well!"

Poor Börne could never cease talking of Hambach and the pleasure he had enjoyed there. It was as though he had a foreboding that he had been in Germany for the last time, for the last time had breathed German air, for the last time sucked in with greedy ears all our old German absurdities.—"Ah!" he sighed,

" as the traveller pants for a cooling draught in summer, so I sometimes pant for those rich, refreshing stupidities which flourish only in the soil of our native country. They are so full of meaning, so melancholy gay, one's heart leaps at them. Here, with the French, the stupidities are so dry, so superficial, so full of sense that they cannot be enjoyed by anyone who is accustomed to something better. On that account I daily become more fretful and impatient in France, and at last it will kill me. Exile is a terrible affair. If ever I get to heaven, I am certain I shall feel unhappy even there among the angels, who sing so nicely and smell so sweet . . . . why, they don't speak German and don't smoke canaster . . . . I can only feel at home in my native land! Love of one's country! I laugh at the words in the mouth of people who have never lived in exile . . . . they might as well talk of buttermilk. Love of buttermilk! In an African sand-desert the word may have some meaning. If I once have the luck again to return to my darling Germany, I will give you leave to call me a scoundrel if ever I write a word against any author who has lived in exile. Had it not been for a dread of the rascally things which

they put in a man's mouth when he is in prison, I should never have gone away again; I would have quietly let them shut me up like those honest fellows whose fate I foretold them—yes, I foretold them everything, just as I had seen it in a dream

"Yes, that was a comical dream," cried Börne suddenly with a loud laugh, and changing from a melancholy at once into a cheerful tone, as his custom was—"that was a comical dream! An anecdote told me by a journeyman, who had been in America, paved the way to it. This man had told me, namely, that in the states of North America enormous turtles might be seen crawling in the streets, with the name of the hotel written on their backs in chalk, and the day when they were to be eaten as turtle soup. I scarcely know why this anecdote amused me so much, why I should be thinking all day of the poor brutes crawling about the streets of Boston so quietly, without knowing that the exact time and place of their execution stood written on their backs . . . . But at night, only imagine, I see my friends, the German patriots, all transformed into turtles like these, crawling quietly about, and on the back

of each of them stood likewise, written in large characters, the place and the date when they were to be stuck into the infernal soup-dish . . . . . I warned the people the next day, but I did not venture to tell them what I had dreamed, for they might have taken offence that they, the men of movement, should have appeared to me as dawdling turtles . . . . But exile, exile, that is a terrible affair . . . . Ah, how I envy the French republicans! But then they are suffering in their native country. Their foot stands upon the beloved soil of their native land even to the hour of death. And especially those Frenchmen who are struggling here in Paris, and have all those cherished monuments before their eyes, which tell them of the great deeds of their fathers, and thus console and encourage them! Here the stones speak, and the trees sing; and such a stone has more heroic feeling and preaches God's word, namely, the martyr history of mankind, with far greater earnestness than all the professors of history in Göttingen and Berlin. And these chestnut trees, here in the Tuileries, is it not as if they were secretly singing the Marseillaise with their thousand green tongues? . . . . . This is holy ground: one should put off the shoes when

walking here . . . . Here to the left is the Terrace of the Feuillants; there to the right, where now the Rue Rivoli stretches away, the club of the Jacobins held its sittings . . . . here, in front of us, in the building of the Tuileries, thundered the Convention, that Titanic assembly, by the side of which Bonaparte with his eagles appears but a diminutive Jupiter. . . . . smiling out there is the Place Louis XV., where the great example was set . . . . and between the two, between the palace and the place of execution, between the Feuillants and the Jacobin club, in the midst, stands the sacred wood, where every tree is a blossoming tree of liberty . . . ."

But on these chestnut trees in the gardens of the Tuileries, there are here and there some very rotten boughs, and just at the moment when Börne was about to finish the above sentence, one of the branches broke off with a loud crack, and falling with full force from a considerable height, would have infallibly crushed us both, if we had not hastily jumped on one side. Börne, who did not save himself so nimbly as I, was hurt in the hand by the falling bough and growled out sullenly: "A bad omen!"

FOURTH BOOK.

—— And yet the festival of Hambach denoted a great step in advance, especially when one compares it with that other festival, which once took place upon the Wartburg, equally in glorification of the interests of the people. The two mountain celebrations are really similar only in externals and accidental circumstances; by no means in their deeper signification. The spirit which manifested itself at Hambach is fundamentally distinct from the spirit, or rather from the spectre, which haunted the Wartburg. There, at Hambach, modern time shouted its sunrise songs, and drank brotherhood with all mankind; but here upon the Wartburg, the Past croaked its raven ditty, and follies were spoken and enacted, which were worthy of the silliest days of the middle ages! Granted that at Hambach, French liberalism preached its wildest doctrines, and granted that much was said which was unreasonable, yet reason was nevertheless recognised as that

highest authority which binds and looses, and prescribes to the law her laws; on the Wartburg, on the contrary, there prevailed that narrow-minded Teutomania, which whined about charity and faith, but whose charity was nothing else but hatred of the stranger, and whose faith consisted only in irrationality, and which could find, in its ignorance, no better employment than the burning of books! I say ignorance, for in this respect that earlier Opposition, which we know as "the old German," was far more distinguished than the newer Opposition, although the latter was by no means famous for its learning. The very man who proposed burning the books on the Wartburg, was at the same time the most ignorant creature that ever walked the earth or published Old German commentaries: of a truth that person should also have cast Bröder's Latin Grammar into the flames!

How remarkable! these so-called Old Germans had borrowed in their ignorance a certain pedantry from German erudition, which was as wearisome as it was ridiculous. Look at the despicable quibbling over words and the childishness with which they disputed about the tokens

of German nationality! Where does the Teuton begin? Where does he leave off? May a German smoke tobacco? The majority decided, no. May a German wear gloves? Yes, provided they are of buffalo-hide. But a German may drink beer, and is bound to do so, as a true son of Germania; for Tacitus distinctly speaks of German *cerevisia*. In the Bier-keller at Göttingen I once had an opportunity of admiring the minuteness with which my old German friends prepared the proscription lists against the day when they should come into power. Any one descended, if only in the seventh degree, from a Frenchman, Jew or Slav, was condemned to banishment. Any one who had written anything in the smallest way against Jahn or against Old German absurdities in general, might be prepared for death, and death too by the axe, not by the guillotine, although that was originally a German invention, and known already in the middle ages under the name of "the Italian mouse-trap." I remember it was on this occasion that it was seriously debated, whether a certain author in Berlin, who had written against the Gymnastic-Society in the first volume of his work, could be at once placed on the proscription list, seeing that the

last volume had not yet appeared, and in this last volume the writer might perhaps say things, which would give quite another complexion to the objectionable expressions in the first volume!

Have these impenetrable fools, the so-called Germanists, entirely disappeared from the scene of action? No. They have only laid aside their black coats, the livery of their imbecility. Most of them have even laid aside their lamentable, brutal jargon, and disguised in the colours and rhetoric of liberalism, they became all the more dangerous to the new Opposition, during the political fire-and-fury period which succeeded the three days of July. Yes, the camp of the German men of revolution swarmed with these former Germanists, who with unwilling lips lisped out the modern pass-word and actually sang the Marseillaise . . . . . they made horrible grimaces over it . . . . . but the object in view was a common fight for a common cause, the unity of Germany, the only idea of progress which the older Opposition had brought to market. Our failure was perhaps a good thing . . . . . as brothers in arms we should have fought faithfully by each other's side, we should have been

quite agreed during the battle, yes, even in the hour of victory . . . . . but the next day differences would have arisen, not to be reconciled, and which could only have been decided by the *ultima ratio populorum*, namely by the Italian mouse-trap. No doubt the short-sighted among the German revolutionists had judged everything according to French standards, and they had already divided themselves into Constitutionists and Republicans, and again into Girondists and Mountainists, and according to these divisions they vied with one another in mutual vilification and abuse; but the intelligent among them saw quite clearly, that there were only two absolutely distinct parties in the revolutionary camp, but their differences were incapable of reconciliation, and their angry feelings were preparing the way to the most deadly rupture. Which of the two appeared likely to prevail? The thoughtful among the liberals could not conceal from themselves, that the party which adopted the opinions of the French doctrine of freedom, although numerically the stronger, was nevertheless the weaker in fanatical zeal and expedients. In fact those regenerated Germanists really represented the minority, but their fanaticism, which partook rather of a religious nature, easily

outbid a fanaticism which was only fostered by reason; they had besides at command those powerful formularies, by which an ignorant mob is so easily excited, the words "Fatherland," "Germany," "Faith of our fathers," &c., and such are more certainly calculated to electrify the undiscriminating masses than the words "Mankind," "Citizen of the world," "Good sense of our sons," "Truth" . . . . ! I may here remark that those representatives of nationality take far deeper root in German soil, than the representatives of cosmopolitanism, and that the latter would probably come short off with the former, unless they suddenly anticipated them . . . . . with the Italian mouse-trap.

In revolutionary times there is only the choice between putting to death and dying.

One can have no conception of such times, unless one has tasted somewhat of the fever, which then palsies mankind and inspires them with a turn of thought and feeling quite peculiar to it. It is impossible to form a judgment of the words and actions of such times, during the calm of a peaceful period like the present.

I do not know how far the foregoing observations will meet with silent acquiescence. Our successors inherit perhaps our secret maladies, and it is a duty to advise them of the antidotes which we considered to be specific. At the same time I have above insinuated, in what degree a certain connexion could not help existing between me and those revolutionists who would have introduced French jacobinism into German affairs . . . . . Notwithstanding that my political opinions differed from theirs in the region of thought, I would nevertheless at any time have joined them on the battle-fields of action . . . . . We had common enemies and common dangers!

True it is, that those revolutionists, in their lamentable want of perception, could never understand that this alliance was natural, and therefore confidently to be relied on. I had also gone so far ahead of them, that they saw me no longer, and in their short-sightedness imagined I had remained behind.

This is neither the place, nor is it now the time, to speak more minutely of the differences which were certain to arise between me and the

German revolutionists soon after the three days of July. Our Ludwig Börne must be considered as the most conspicuous representative of the latter, especially in the later years of his life, when, in consequence of republican reverses, the two most active agitators, Garnièr and Wolfrum, had retired from the scene.

The former was one of the busiest of intriguers, and we must bear him testimony, that he possessed all the qualifications of a demagogue in the highest degree. A man of considerable intellect, of wide information, and of great eloquence. But an intriguer. In the stormy times of a revolution in Germany, Garnièr would certainly have played a conspicuous part; but as the piece was never produced, it fared badly with him. They said he had to leave Paris because the landlord of his hotel had designs upon his life; not that he threatened to poison his food, but refused to allow him any food at all except for ready money. The other of the two agitators, Wolfrum, was a young man from Bavaria, if I mistake not, from Hoff, who had employment here as traveller for a mercantile house, but gave up his post, in order to devote all his energies to those ideas of freedom, which

were just breaking out, and with which he too had been captivated. He was an honest, unselfish man, inspired with pure enthusiasm, and I consider myself all the more bound to notice this, since his memory has never yet been quite cleared from a monstrous calumny. At the time namely when he was banished from Paris, and General Lafayette called the Count d'Argout, then Minister of the Interior, to account for this arbitrary measure, d'Argout blew his long nose and affirmed: that the exiled man was an agent of the Bavarian Jesuits, and that the proofs had been found among his papers. When Wolfrum, who was staying in Belgium, heard of this infamous accusation through the daily papers, he at once resolved to hasten back here, but owing to the want of means, he was forced to travel on foot, and overcome by exhaustion and mental excitement; he obtained admission to the Hôtel-Dieu as soon as he arrived in Paris; and there, under an assumed name, he died.

Wolfrum and Garnièr were always faithful allies of Börne, but they maintained towards him a certain independence, and not unfrequently drew their inspirations from very different sources. But after both of them had disap-

peared, Börne came prominently forward among the revolutionists in his own person; he no longer ruled by the agents of his will, but in his own name, and he was not wanting in a court retinue of shallow and excited heads, who paid him homage with a blind adoration. Surrounded by these faithful ministers, he sat in all the majesty of his gay silk dressing-gown and passed judgment on the great ones of the earth, and next to the Czar of all the Russias, it was upon the writer of these pages that his Rhadamantine displeasure fell the heaviest . . . . What was but vaguely hinted in his writings, found the clearest expression in his oral deliveries, and the suspicious narrow-mindedness which had taken possession of him, and a certain discreditable virtue, which did not hesitate to lie in the righteous cause, in short distrust and self-deception drove the man into the morasses of slander.

The reproach conveyed in the words "suspicious narrow-mindedness" is here intended to apply less to the individual than to the whole species, which found in Maximilian Robespierre, of glorious memory, its most perfect representative. Börne at last bore the closest resemblance to that man: watchful mistrust upon his face,

bloodthirsty sentimentality in his heart, cool calculation in his brain . . . . . only there was no guillotine at his command, and he had to resort to words and merely vilify. This reproach again applies rather to the whole species; for it is remarkable that the Jacobins, as well as the Jesuits, adopted the lie as a fair weapon of war, perhaps because both were animated by the loftiest aims; the former in the cause of mankind, the latter in the cause of God . . . . . so we must forgive them their calumnies!

But might there not at times have been a lurking envy at work with Ludwig Börne? He was but a man, and while he supposed that he was injuring the fair fame of those of a different way of thinking solely in the interests of the republic, while he perhaps even took some credit to himself for making the sacrifice, was he not unconsciously satisfying the secret cravings of an evil nature, as once Maximilian Robespierre, of glorious memory?

And especially with regard to myself had the deceased certainly harboured feelings of this kind, and his animosity might after all have been nothing else than the petty envy, which

the little drummer entertains for the tall drum-major: he envied me my big plume which fluttered so jauntily in the breeze, my rich lace uniform, on which there was more gold than he, the little drummer, could have bought with all his fortune, for the dexterity with which I balanced my big stick, for the amorous glances which the young lasses bestowed upon me, and which perhaps I returned with a sufficient amount of gallantry!

Börne's surroundings are equally to blame for much of the perversity alluded to; he was goaded on to many an unfortunate utterance by persons whom he trusted, and what his mouth had spoken they backed up with twofold malice, and dexterously converted it to private ends. With all his mistrust he was easily deceived, and never guessed that he might be serving passions quite alien, or that he might frequently be listening to the whisperings of his enemies. I have been assured that several of the spies, who were prying about here in the pay of certain governments, knew so well how to act the part of patriots, that Börne placed entire confidence in them, and was in their company day and night plotting conspiracy.

And yet he knew that he was surrounded by spies, and once said to me: "There is a fellow constantly walking behind me, who follows me through every street, remains standing in front of the houses where I call, and no doubt is well paid for it by one of these governments. If I only knew which government, I would write to them and say that I should like to earn the money myself, that I would daily make out a conscientious report, how I had passed the time, with whom I had spoken, where I had been: yes, that I am prepared to supply such report at a much cheaper rate, even for half the money which this man receives, who is always following me; for without it, I should have to take all these walks just the same. I might perhaps get a living by being my own spy!"

The so-called Madame Wohl exercised a great, perhaps the greatest influence at that time over Börne, an equivocal kind of lady, of whom it was difficult to say what her proper title was as regards her connection with Börne, whether she was his mistress or only his wife. Their nearest friends for a long time maintained hard and fast that Madame Wohl was privately married to him, and one fine morning would

make her appearance as Madame Börne. Others thought that there only existed a platonic love between them, as once between Messer Francesco and Madonna Laura; and of course they also found a great resemblance between Petrarch's sonnets and Börne's "Letters from Paris." The latter however were not addressed to an imaginary form of air, but to Madame Wohl, which certainly added to their value, since it imparted to them a distinct physiognomy, and that individuality which no art can imitate. If the character, not only of the writer but of the receiver, is reflected in letters, then is Madame Wohl a highly respectable person, enthusiastic in the cause of freedom and for the rights of man—a creature full of intellect, full of courage . . . . : and, as a fact, we are bound to accept this view, when we hear at what sacrifice she clung fast to Börne in bitter times, how she devoted to him her whole life, and how, after his death, she now remains a prey to inconsolable grief, in her solitude still only occupied with the dead. Unquestionably there existed the most cordial relations between the two; but, while the public were speculating what outward form this might assume, we were suddenly startled with the news that Madame Wohl had

been married, not to Börne, but to a young merchant from Frankfort . . . . The astonishment created by this was still further increased by the new-married lady and her husband coming here, and taking up their quarters in one and the same habitation with Börne, so that the three formed one household. Yes, the report was that the young husband had only married the lady to draw closer his connection with Börne, and had made it a condition that the old state of things between the two should continue. As I am told, he only played the servitor in the house, discharged the meanest duties, and was just a convenient errand-boy for Börne, peddling his fame abroad, and unrelentingly venting poison and gall upon his enemies.

In fact, that husband of Madame Wohl did not belong to the good sort, who combine a certain innocence with their toleration in the affairs of married life, and so disarm all ridicule. No; he rather reminded one of that bad species of which mention is made in the Indian tales of Ktesias. That author relates namely: In India there are donkeys with horns, and while all other donkeys have no gall at all, these donkeys with horns have such a super-

fluity that it gives quite a bitter taste to their flesh.

I hope that no one will misjudge my reasons for giving publicity to the foregoing particulars of Börne's private life. It is only to show that there existed circumstances so peculiarly offensive as to compel me to keep him at a distance. Every feeling of delicacy in my composition was shocked at the thought of coming into the smallest contact with those immediately about him. To confess the truth, I saw an immorality in Börne's household which disgusted me. This confession may sound strange in the mouth of a man who had never chimed in with the zealot screams of the so-called preachers of morality, and who was himself the continual object of their abuse. Have I really deserved this abuse? After the strictest self-examination, I can bear myself witness that my thoughts and actions have never stood in contradiction with morality, with that morality which is innate in my soul, which is perhaps my soul itself, the soul-giving soul of my life. I almost passively obey a moral necessity, and therefore lay no claim to laurel wreaths or other such like rewards of virtue. Not long since I was reading a book in

which it was stated that there was no Phryne frequenting the Boulevards of Paris, with whose charms I was not acquainted. . God knows from what respectable source these charming anecdotes are obtained; but I can assure the author of that book that, even in my wildest youth, I have never made advances to a woman unless attracted by her beauty, that incarnate manifestation of divinity, or else inspired by the grand passion, that grand passion which is of a nature equally divine, since it excludes all petty feelings of selfishness, and is ready to sacrifice the empty possessions of this life, yes, even life itself! But with regard to our Ludwig Börne, we may safely affirm that it was by no means the worship of beauty which attracted him to his Madame Wohl. Just as little can the connection between these two persons find its moral justification in the grand passion. Influenced by the grand passion they would have found no difficulty in dwelling together without the blessing of the Church or the help of the Registrar; neither would the slight hesitation as to what the world would say have hindered them . . . . and the world on the whole is just and forgives the flame if the conflagration is only strong and real, and burns long and

steadily . . . . It resents the empty crackle of burning straw, and ridicules any hesitating half-glow . . . . The world respects and honours any passion as soon as it has proved itself real; and, when that is the case, time will even lend to it a legitimacy . . . . But Madame Wohl consorted with Börne under cloak of marriage with a contemptible third person, of whose bitter flesh she could at times have a taste, while her intellect battened upon the nourishing intellect of Börne . . . . Even under this, the most favourable aspect, even supposing that only the pure, fascinating mind was devoted to the ideal friend, and the not very fascinating and not very pure outside to the uncultivated husband, yet the whole arrangement was based upon the most shameless lies, upon dishonoured wedlock and hypocrisy, upon immorality.

Besides the disgust I endured on visiting Börne owing to those about him, there was also the annoyance arising from his ceaseless one-sided chatter. Nothing but political wrangling for ever and ever, even at dinner, when he always knew where to catch me. At dinner, a time when I would so gladly forget all the miseries of this world, he spoilt all the best

dishes, as far as I was concerned, by his patriotic gall, pouring his nonsense over them like a bitter sauce. He even used to spoil my harmless favourite calves feet *à la maître d'hôtel* with his Job's messages from home, which he would scrape together from the most untrustworthy sources. And then his cursed comments, which completely took away one's appetite. Once for instance he stole after me into the restaurant in the Rue Lepelletier, where at that time only political refugees from Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Poland used to dine. Börne, who knew them all, remarked as he rubbed his hands with glee: we two were the only ones of the whole company who had not been condemned to death by their respective governments. "But," said he, "I have not quite given up all hopes that we shall even manage that. We shall all be hanged at last, and you as well as myself." I took that opportunity of saying, that as a matter of fact it would considerably assist the cause of revolution in Germany if our governments would show a little more activity, and really hang up a few of the revolutionists, to prove to the others that the affair was no joke, and that all must be set on all . . . . . "Of course you would prefer," said Börne interrupting me, "that

we should be hanged in alphabetical order, and then I should be one of the first; they might hang me as Börne or Baruch as they pleased; and still it would be a good while before they came to you, down among the H's."

Now these were dinner discourses which did not tend to enliven me particularly, and I revenged myself by affecting an exaggerated, almost perverse indifference for the objects of Börne's enthusiasm. For instance, Börne was annoyed that I could find nothing better to do on my arrival in Paris, than to write a long account of the exhibition of paintings for the German papers. I will not attempt to decide whether the interests of art, which prompted the undertaking, were so irreconcilable with the revolutionary interests of the day; but Börne detected in it a proof of my indifference to the sacred cause of mankind, and I was equally enabled to spoil the enjoyment of his patriotic sour-kraut by speaking at dinner of nothing but pictures; of Robert's Reapers, Horace Vernet's Judith, Scheffer's Faust. "What did you do"—he once asked me—"on the first day of your coming to Paris? Where did you go first?" He doubtless ex-

pected me to name the Place Louis XV., or the Pantheon, or the monuments of Rousseau and Voltaire, as among my first visits, and he drew a very long face when I confessed the honest truth, namely, that immediately on my arrival I had gone to the Bibliothèque Royale and got the keeper of the manuscripts to fetch me out the Manesian Codex of the Minnesingers. And it is true; for years I had longed to behold with my own eyes the precious pages which preserve to us among other things the songs of Walter von der Vogelweide, the greatest of German lyric poets. For Börne this was equally a proof of my indifference, and he accused me of change in my political opinions. That I never thought it worth while to argue this with him, is a matter of course; and once when he fancied that he had discovered some contradiction in my writings, I contented myself with the ironical reply: "You make a mistake, my dear fellow, nothing of the sort is to be found in my books, for every time before writing, my habit is first to read over the political opinions of my earlier works, in order that I may not contradict myself, and that I may not be accused of any deviation from my liberal principles." But not only at meal-times, Börne would even disturb me in my

night's rest with his patriotic exuberance. Once he came upstairs to me at midnight, woke me out of the sweetest sleep, seated himself at my bed side and whined for at least an hour about the misfortunes of the German nation, and about the scandalous measures of German governments, and how the Russians were such a danger for Germany, and how he had resolved to deliver Germany by writing against the Emperor Nicholas and against the ruling princes, who so oppressed the people, and against the parliament . . . . . And I fancy he would have gone on talking in this strain till morning, if, after a long silence, I had not interrupted him with the words: "Are you the parish overseer?"

After that I only spoke to him twice. Once at the wedding of a mutual friend, and the other time when taking a walk in the Tuileries, as I have already mentioned. Soon after that the third and fourth parts of his Paris letters appeared, and I not only prevented all chance of our meeting, but I also let him see that I purposely avoided him, and since that time I certainly met him once or twice, but never addressed a single word to him. This was sufficient to drive a man of his sanguine temperament to despair, and he

set all his resources at work, in order to renew a friendly intercourse, or at all events to obtain an interview. Thus all my life I never had a personal quarrel with Börne, no words of anger had ever passed between us; it was only in his printed utterances that I noticed the lurking malice, and it was not injured pride, but higher duties and the allegiance I owed to my aspirations and hopes, which induced me to break with a man who might compromise my views and wishes. But this kind of obdurate refusal is not altogether part of my nature, and I might have been sufficiently pliant, again to have spoken to Börne and even been on terms with him . . . . . especially as several persons highly valued by me made many appeals, and mutual friends were puzzled about invitations, none of which I would accept without being first assured that Börne was not to be present . . . . besides which my own private interests warned me against too greatly irritating the hot-headed man by such persistent disregard . . . . . but one glance at his surroundings, at his trusted supporters, the many-headed king of shreds and patches, of whom he was the life and soul, together with disgust, withheld me from any fresh contact with Börne.

So several years passed away—three, four years; I lost the man even mentally out of sight. I took little notice either of the articles which he wrote against me in French newspapers, and which were so maliciously circulated in generous Germany, when one evening late in autumn I received the news: Börne was dead!

I am told that his death was his own fault, caused by a self-conceit, which made him long delay calling in his physician, the excellent Dr. Sichel. This not only celebrated but most conscientious doctor, who would probably have saved him, came too late, for the patient had already tried a violent remedy on himself and completely ruined his system. Börne had once studied a little medicine, and had acquired just that amount of knowledge which is sufficient to be fatal. His knowledge in politics, to which he afterwards devoted himself, was really not more considerable.

I did not attend his funeral, a thing which our worthy correspondents here did not fail to call attention to in Germany, and which gave rise to very unpleasant remarks. But nothing is more foolish than to see a hostile indifference

in a circumstance which may have been purely accidental. The fools, they do not reflect that there is no pleasanter duty than to follow your enemy to his grave!

I was never Börne's friend, and I was also never his enemy. The ill-temper which he sometimes provoked in me was never worth mentioning, and he paid for it throughout by the cold silence with which I met all his insinuations and charges. And while he lived I never wrote a line against him, I never gave him a thought, I completely ignored him, and that galled him beyond endurance.

If I now speak of him, it really is neither out of enthusiasm, nor out of dislike; at all events, as far as I am concerned, I am conscious of the strictest impartiality. I write here neither an apology nor a criticism, and since I only take my own view in my representation of the man, the portrait which I give may perhaps be regarded as statuesque. And he is worthy of such a statue, he, the great wrestler, who struggled so manfully in the arena of our political games, and who won, if not the laurel, yet certainly the chaplet of oak-leaves.

We give his image with its true features, without idealising; the more faithful the resemblance, the more honourable for his memory. It is true he was neither a genius nor a hero; he was no god of Olympus. He was a man, a citizen of the world; he was a good writer and a great patriot.

In describing Ludwig Börne as a good writer, and only allowing him the simple adjective "good," I am not to be supposed as either magnifying or depreciating his æsthetic worth. I give here, as before mentioned, by no means a criticism, and just as little an apology for his writings; but my own arbitrary opinion ought to find some place in these pages. This private judgment I shall endeavour to give as briefly as possible; so just a few words on Börne in a purely literary direction.

Had I to discover in literature a character nearly allied, the first to strike one would be Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, with whom Börne was very often compared. But this affinity consisted only in the inward force, the noble will, the patriotic fire, and the enthusiasm for mankind. The intellectual faculties were also the

same in both. But here the comparison ceases. Lessing was great through that susceptibility for art and philosophical speculation which were absolutely wanting in poor Börne. There are two men in foreign literature who have a far greater resemblance to him: these men are William Hazlitt and Paul Courrièr. These two are perhaps Börne's nearest literary kinsmen, only that while Hazlitt is superior to him in his appreciation of art, Courrièr by no means rises to Börne's humour.

A certain vivacity is common to all three, although it takes a different complexion in each: it is pensive with Hazlitt the Briton, with whom it darts like sunbeams from the murky clouds of an English fog; it is almost wantonly playful with the Frenchman Courrièr, sparkling and mantling like the new wine of Touraine, and sometimes popping off with an audacious hiss; with Börne, the German, it is both pensive and playful, like the solemn sourish Rhine-wine and the pleasant moonlight of our German home . . . . . his vivacity sometimes amounts to humour.

This is not so much the case in Börne's earlier works as in his "Letters from Paris."

In these not only were time, place and the subject conducive to humour, but they produced it quite spontaneously. What I mean is that we owe far more to the current circumstances than to the talent of the author. The July revolution, that political earthquake, had rent asunder every tie in all spheres of life to that extent, and so thrown together, like patchwork, things of themselves so totally divergent, that the narrator of the Paris revolution had but faithfully to communicate what he saw and heard in order to arrive at the highest effects without any effort of his own. In the same way as passion will sometimes supply the place of poesy, and, for instance, strong affection or mortal dread will burst forth in inspired words, which the true poet could not have made better or more beautiful, so will passing events sometimes supply the place of natural humour, and a sensible writer, although of the most prosaic turn of mind, would produce a truly humorous work, by faithfully reflecting the ludicrous and sad, unsavoury and solemn, grandiose and trifling combinations of the common occurrences of life, when in a state of disorganisation. If, added to this, the mind of such writer is itself emotional by nature, if that mirror is distorted or highly tinged with passion of its

own, such extravagant pictures would then be produced as would even surpass all the inventions of the most comic genius . . . . . Here is the grating which separates humour from the madhouse . . . . . In Börne's letters traces are not unfrequently to be found of real insanity, and we see thoughts and feelings grinning at us which ought at once to be put in the strait-jacket, which should at once be put under the douche . .

As regards style, the "Paris Letters" are far to be preferred to the earlier writings of Börne, in which the short sentences, the little dog-trot, produce an insufferable monotony and betray an almost childish incapacity. These short sentences disappear more and more in the "Paris Letters," where passion is let loose, and, obedient to strong impulse, bursts forth into broader, fuller rythm, and colossal periods charged with thunder roll along, the construction of which is charming and polished as though by the highest art.

Speaking, however, of Börne's style, these "Paris Letters" can still only be considered as a stepping-stone when they are compared with

his last work, "Menzel the Frenchman Eater." Here his style attains the highest perfection, and a harmony reigns here alike in the words and the ideas, which bears evidence of a painful but exalted tranquillity. This work is a pellucid lake, in which heaven with all its stars is reflected, and Börne's spirit here dives up and down, like a beautiful swan, calmly shaking from it the slanders with which the rabble would sully its unspotted plumage And indeed this work has been called with justice Börne's swan-song. It was but little known in Germany, and remarks on its contents would certainly not be out of place here; but as it is pointedly directed against Wolfgang Menzel, and I should therefore have to make observations concerning him, I prefer to remain altogether silent.

Yes, Börne was not only a good writer, but a great patriot.

In estimating Börne's worth as an author, I must also mention here his translation of the "Paroles d'un Croyant," which was likewise completed in the later years of his life, and which is to be regarded as a masterpiece of

style. That he should have translated this work of all others, or that he should in any way have allowed himself to be decoyed within the range of Lamennais' ideas, I cannot of course approve of. The influence which this priest exercised over him was manifest not only in the translation of the Paroles d'un Croyant already mentioned, but also in various French articles which Börne about that time contributed to the "Réformateur" and the "Balance," in those remarkable records of his mind which disclosed a melancholy wavering, a despairing view of Protestant authority as founded in reason, and where the diseased spirit pined after Catholic intuition.

It was perhaps a fortunate thing for Börne that he died . . . . . if death had not come to the rescue, we might now perhaps have seen him stigmatised as a Roman Catholic.

How is that possible? Börne would at last have turned Catholic? Would have sought refuge in the bosom of the Romish Church, and endeavoured to soothe the aching head with the tones of the organ and the tinkle of bells? Well, yes, he was on the road to do that which

so many honourable men have done before him, when spite has taken possession of the brain and driven reason to flight, and poor reason on its departure could only give them the advice: Well, if you are determined to be mad, turn Catholic, and, at all events, they will not shut you up as they do other monomaniacs.

"Turn Catholic out of spite"—so runs a German saying, the deep, infernal meaning of which only now becomes clear to me. Yet is Catholicism the most fearfully attractive blossom of that doctrine of despondency, the rapid spread of which upon the earth seems not so great a miracle when we consider the terribly painful condition in which the whole Roman world was groaning . . . . . As the individual opened a vein in his despair, and sought in death an asylum from the tyranny of the Cæsars, so the world at large threw itself upon asceticism, upon self-abnegation, upon martyrdom, upon the complete self-murder of the Nazarene, in order to free itself once and for ever from the daily miseries of the times, and to set at defiance the torture-masters of the prevailing materialism . . . . .

For those people, to whom this world had nothing more to offer, Heaven was invented . . . . . Hail to this invention! Hail to that religion which could pour a few sweet soporific drops into the bitter cup of the suffering human race, spiritual opium, a few drops of Charity, Hope and Faith!

Ludwig Börne, as I have already mentioned in the first part, was by nature a Christian born, and an intellectual tendency in that direction was certain to end in Catholicism, when the Republicans, after sustaining the most humiliating defeats, joined hands with the Catholics in their despair.—To what extent was this alliance real? I cannot say. Many a Republican may have really turned Catholic out of spite. But most of them fought shy of their new allies at heart, and farce was played on both sides. What they wanted was to defeat the common enemy, and as a fact the alliance of the two fanaticisms, the religious and the political, was fraught with the greatest danger. But it sometimes happens that men lose themselves in their part, and artful play is turned into awkward earnest; and thus many a Republican may have toyed so long with Catholic symbols, till at last he believed in

them; and many a cunning priest may have sung the Marseillaise so repeatedly, that it became his favourite tune, and he could no longer chant the service without falling into the melody of that warlike song.

We poor Germans, we who unfortunately cannot understand a joke, we took this fraternisation of Republicanism and Catholicism for downright earnest, and it was a mistake which may some day cost us dear. Poor German Republicans, ye who would cast out Satan through Beelzebub, should your exorcism prove to be successful, you will but then find yourselves out of the frying-pan into the fire! How indeed so many German patriots could make common cause with the Catholic party, for the purpose of assailing Protestant governments, I cannot understand. It will scarcely be laid to my charge, for whom the Prussians have kept so many troubles in store,—it will scarcely be laid to my charge that I should entertain a blind sympathy for Borussia, consequently it is open to me to confess that in Prussia's struggle with the Catholic party, I could but wish success to the former . . . . . for a defeat here would necessarily have for its consequences that several

German provinces, the Rhine country, would be lost to Germany.—But what care the pious people in Munich whether French or German is spoken on the banks of the Rhine; it is sufficient for them that there the mass is sung in Latin. Priests have no Fatherland; they have but a father, a papa, in Rome.

But that the separation of the Rhine provinces and their annexation to Romish France was a settled affair between the heroes of the Catholic party and their French allies is a well-known fact. To these allies there had for some time belonged a certain former Jacobin, who now wears a crown and is in league with certain crowned Jesuits in Germany . . . . . Pious jobber! Hypocritical traitor to his country!

It may be taken for granted that our poor Börne, who suffered himself to be deceived, not only by the writings, but also by the personal qualities of Lamennais, and unwittingly participated in the intrigues of this Romish pander—it may be taken for granted that our poor Börne never for a moment suspected the dangers with which our Germany was threatened through the alliance of the catholic with the

republican party. Of that he had not the faintest notion, he who always had at heart the integrity of Germany just as much as the writer of these pages. With regard to that I can bear him the amplest testimony. "Not even a German tin pot would I resign to France," he once cried, as some one remarked that France, the natural representative of revolution, ought to be strengthened by the restoration of the Rhenish provinces, in order the better to resist aristocratic, despotic Europe.

"Not a tin pot do I give up," cried Börne, stamping up and down in the room quite furious.

"Of course," remarked a third person, "it is not the intention to surrender a foot's breadth of German soil to the French; but we might part with a few of our countrymen to them, whom we could certainly very well spare. What should you say, for instance, to surrendering Raumer and Rotteck to the French?"

"No, no," cried Börne, his anger giving place to merriment—"I will not so much as surrender Raumer and Rotteck, the collection

would no longer be complete. I wish to keep Germany just as it is, with its flowers and its thistles, with its giants and its dwarfs . . . . . no, I will not even surrender those two tin pots!"

Yes, this Börne was a great patriot, perhaps the greatest that ever drew impassioned life and bitterest death from Germania's step-motherly breasts! A touching affection for his native land shouted and bled in the soul of this man, which, of a retiring nature, as all affection is, loved to hide away under snarling words of abuse and impatient querulousness, but which broke out with all the greater vehemence in unguarded moments. When Germany was guilty of any perverseness, likely to lead to bad consequences, when it had not the resolution to take a healing medicine, to be couched for the cataract, or to undergo any other minor operation, then Ludwig Börne foamed and fumed, and stamped and swore;—but when the evil, already foreseen, really happened, when they trampled Germany under foot or lashed her till the blood came: then Börne curled the lip no longer, and began drivelling, the poor fool that he was, and it was then he kept sobbing and insisting that Germany

was the best country in the world, and the most beautiful country, and that Germans were the finest and best of people, quite the pearl of people, and that nowhere were they so clever as in Germany, and even the fools were intelligent there, and their churlishness was in reality nothing more than intellect, and he quite envied those dear pokes in the ribs they got there, and often longed for a good juicy bit of German folly, as a pregnant woman longs for a pear. The separation from his native land was also a real torture to him, a torment which had wrung many a bitter word from him in his writings. He who has not experienced it can have no conception how deeply exile colours our sufferings, how it pours night and venom into our thoughts. Dante wrote his Hell in exile. Only he, too, who has lived in exile knows what the love of one's country is, love of one's country, with all its sweet fears and hopeful sorrows! It was fortunate for those of our German patriots who were forced to live in France, that this country bears so great a resemblance to Germany; almost the same climate, the same vegetation, the same way of living. "How terrible must exile be where this resemblance is wanting"— Börne once said to me while walking in the

Jardin des Plantes—"how fearful if we only saw around us palm-trees and tropical plants, and nothing but strange wild beasts, like kangaroos and zebras . . . . . What a blessing that the flowers in France are the same as we have at home; the violets and roses seem just like those in Germany, and the oxen and cows, and the donkeys are patient and not striped, quite the same as ours; and the birds in France have feathers and sing just as in Germany; and when I look at the dogs running about here in Paris, I can quite fancy myself back again over the Rhine, and my heart exclaims: Why, these are our German dogs!"

Owing to a kind of imbecility, Börne had for a long time taken quite a perverse view of this patriotic love of country in his writings. Over this imbecility he could compassionately shrug the shoulders, and at the same time complacently pronounce a *sancta simplicitas!* over the screeching old women who were dragging faggots to his funeral pile! But when jesuitical malice sought to cast suspicion on his patriotism, he was consumed with a desolating rage. His passions then threw aside all restraint, and like an offended Titan he hurled the broken rocks with

the deadliest effect upon the hissing serpents crawling at his feet. Here he appears in the fulness of his power, here at its noblest blazes forth the honest indignation of the man.

* * * * * * * *

FIFTH BOOK.

"— — — The political circumstances of that time (1799) have but a too melancholy resemblance to the present state of things in Germany; only that then the notions of freedom took their rise more among scholars, poets, and other literary men, while at the present day they exist more in the great active masses, among artizans and those in business. At the time of the first revolution, while a leaden, ultra-German drowsiness weighed upon the people, and something like a brutal repose prevailed throughout Germania, a state of the wildest fermentation and excitement was to be discerned in the world of letters. The obscurest authors, living in the remotest corners of the country, were influenced by that excitement; almost sympathetically, and without an exact knowledge of the political events, they felt their social significance, and gave it utterance in their writings. This phenomenon reminds me of those large shells which we place as ornaments on our mantlepieces, and

which, however distant they may be from the sea, yet suddenly begin to roar, as soon as the flood sets in and the waves are dashing on the strand. When the revolution broke out here in Paris, the great human ocean, when it began to rage and foam here, the German hearts beyond the Rhine began to roar and swell . . . . . but they were so isolated, they were placed among nothing but unfeeling china, tea-cups, coffee-pots, and Chinese josses, which only nodded their heads mechanically, just as if they understood what was going on. Ah! our unfortunate predecessors in Germany had to pay dearly for their sympathy with revolution. Squire and priest played them the roughest and scurviest tricks. Some of them took refuge in Paris, and there perished in poverty and want. Not long ago I saw one of them, now quite blind, who had been in Paris ever since; I saw him in the Palais Royal, where he had been warming himself a little in the sun. It was painful to see him, pale and emaciated, as he felt his way along the houses. They told me it was Heyberg, the Danish poet. I also lately saw the garret in which citizen George Forster died. With those friends of freedom who remained behind in Germany it would have fared still worse, if

Napoleon with his Frenchmen had not so soon subdued us. Napoleon certainly never suspected that he, of all men, was to be the saviour of idealism; but without him all our philosophers, together with their ideas, would have been exterminated by the gallows and the wheel. The German friends of freedom, however, too much busied with republicanism to pay homage to Napoleon, and too magnanimous to adapt themselves to foreign rule, veiled themselves after that in the deepest silence. They went mournfully about with broken hearts and sealed lips. When Napoleon fell, well, they smiled, though sadly, and were silent; they scarcely took any part in the national rejoicing, which at the time, by their majesties' most gracious permission, resounded throughout Germany. They knew what they knew, and were silent. As these republicans lead a very retired and quiet life, they usually live to a great age, and when the July revolution broke out, there were still many of them alive, and we were not a little astonished when these old fellows, whom we usually saw wandering about so bent down and almost imbecile, now suddenly hold up their heads, and come up to us youngsters with a friendly smile, shaking us by the hand and telling us interesting

tales. One of them I actually heard singing; for he sang the Marseillaise to us in a coffee-house, and there we learnt the melody and the beautiful words, and it was not long before we sang it better than the old man himself; for at times, just at the best verse, he would laugh like a fool or cry like a child. It is always good when old people like that remain to teach the young ones songs. We young ones will not forget them, and some of us hereafter may instil them into the minds of descendants who perhaps are not yet born. But many of us will in the meantime be rotting away; in prison at home, or in a garret abroad. — — —"

I wrote the foregoing passage, which occurs in my book *De l'Allemagne*, about six years ago, and as I read it over again to-day, all those sad troubles, of which I had then perceived but the first glimmerings, hover about my soul like humid shadows. It is as though ice-cold water were trickling through my warmest feelings, and my existence is one painful numbness. O cold-winter hell, in which we live with chattering teeth! . . . . . O Death, white man of snow in impenetrable fog, what meaneth that derisive nod?

Happy are they who rot silently away in the dungeons of home . . . . . for these dungeons are a home, although with iron bars, and it is German air blowing through them, and the jailor, if not altogether dumb, why German is the language which he speaks! . . . . . It is six months to-day since the sound of German has fallen upon my ear, and everything I say and do has to clothe itself laboriously in outlandish speech . . . . . You may perhaps have a notion of bodily exile, but of the exile of the mind the German poet alone can form a conception, who finds himself compelled the whole day to speak French, to write French, and actually at night to sigh French on the heart of the beloved! My very thoughts are exiled, exiled in a foreign tongue.

Happy are they who, in a strange land, have only to contend with poverty, with hunger, and with cold, all of them natural misfortunes . . . . . Heaven with all its stars smiles on them through the loopholes of their garret . . . . . O gilded misery, in white-kid gloves, how unspeakably more wretched art thou! The despairing head must be dressed, if not perfumed, and the peevish lips, which are ready to

curse heaven and earth, must smile, and ever smile . . . . .

Happy are they, who in the end have lost the last small remnant of reason in their mighty woe, and have found a safe asylum in Charenton or the Bicêtre, like poor F——, like poor B——, like poor L——, and so many others, not so well known to me . . . . . the cell of their madness appears to them their well-loved home, and in their strait-jackets they fancy themselves the victors over despotism, imagine themselves the proud citizens of a liberated state . . . . . but they might have had all that just as well at home!

Only the transition from reason to insanity is a grievous moment and hideous . . . . . I shudder when I think of the last time that F—— came to me, seriously to make arrangements for including people in the moon and the inhabitants of the remotest stars in the great national compact. But how were they to be informed of our purpose? That was the important question. Another patriot, with a like view, proposed a kind of enormous mirror, by means of which proclamations in gigantic letters

were to be reflected in the skies, so that all mankind could read them at the same moment, without the censor or the police having the power to prevent it . . . . . What dangerous projects for the state! And yet no mention is made of them in the parliamentary papers in connection with the revolutionary propaganda!

Happiest of all, most truly, are the dead, who lie in their graves in Père-la-Chaise, like thee, poor Börne!

Yes, happy are they in the dungeons of home, happy are they in the garrets of bodily sufferings, happy are the insane in the madhouse, happiest of all are the dead! As far as I, the writer of these pages, am concerned, I fancy that after all I must not greatly complain, as I shared in a certain degree the fortunes of all these people, through that curious susceptibility, that involuntary sympathy, that nervous temperament, which we find in poets and for which we have no suitable name. Although by day I am walking about the sparkling streets of Babylon contented and smiling, believe me, as soon as evening closes in, the melancholy harps begin to play within my breast, and with the night all

the drums and cymbals of agony are sounding there, the whole Janissary music of this world's woe . . . . .

O what dreams! dreams of imprisonment, of misery, of madness, of death! An ever-changing mixture of folly and wisdom, a motley poisonous soup, which tastes of sour-kraut and smells of orange blossom! What a horrible feeling, when the dreams by night but mock the doings of the day, and derisive masks peep forth from the flaming poppies, horribly grinning, and the proud laurels change into thistles, and the nightingales set up a laughter of scorn . . . . .

In my dreams I am generally sitting on a corner-stone in the Rue Lafitte on a moist evening in autumn, when the moon pours down long streaks of light on the dirty pavement of the Boulevards, so that the mud seems tinged with gold, or even sprinkled with glittering diamonds . . . . The passers-by are equally but sparkling dirt: stock-jobbers, gamblers, mercenary authors, those false coiners of ideas, still more mercenary wenches—but with them it is the body only which lies—satiated idlers, who have just been fed in the Café de Paris and now are streaming into the Académie de Musique, that temple of vice, where Fanny Ellsler dances

and smiles . . . . between them rattle the carriages, and the lackeys skip about, gay as tulips, and as great blackguards as their worshipful masters . . . . and, if I mistake not, in one of those gilded carriages sits the retired cigar-dealer Aguado; and his pransing horses have splashed my tight-fitting, rose-coloured dress from top to bottom . . . . Yes, to my own astonishment, my dress is of that rose-coloured elastic commonly called fleshings, for the advanced season of the year and the climate into the bargain will not allow of complete nudity, as in Greece, where King Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans danced stark naked at Thermopylæ the night before the battle, stark naked, their heads crowned with flowers . . . . Yes, my costume was just like that of Leonidas in the painting by David, when, sitting on the corner-stone of the Rue Lafitte, that damned coachman of Aguado splashed my silk tights . . . . . the ass, he even splashed the beautiful garland of flowers which I wear upon my head, but between ourselves it is already pretty nigh faded and its perfume gone . . . . Ah! they were fresh delightful flowers, the time they first adorned me, when I put them on thinking that next day we were going into battle—to death or

victory for one's native land . . . . But that is long ago; vacant and peevish I sit in the Rue Lafitte awaiting the fight, and in the meanwhile the flowers are withering on my head, my hairs are turning white, and my heart grows sick within my breast . . Gracious God! how long the time appears with this fruitless tarrying, and at last my courage will die away too . . . . . I see how the people passing along regard me with pity, and whisper: The poor fool!

In the same way as dreams by night mock the thoughts of the day, it also sometimes happens that my thoughts by day make merry over the incongruous dreams of the night; and rightly so, for in dreams I often act like a real blockhead. I lately dreamed I was making a grand tour through all Europe, only that I did not make use of a carriage and horses, but of a really splendid ship. All went well so long as there was a river or a lake on the road. But that only seldom happened, and for the most part I had to go on dry land, which I found highly inconvenient, for then I had to drag my ship over broad plains, wooded tracks, moorlands, and even over very high mountains, until

I again came to a river or lake where I could comfortably sail. Usually, however, as I have said, I had to drag my conveyance myself, which cost me a great waste of time and not a little exertion, so that at last from sheer vexation and fatigue I awoke. But now, over my quiet morning cup of coffee, I come to the sensible conclusion that I should have travelled much faster and more comfortably if I had had no ship at all, and always gone on foot like any other poor devil.

In the end it comes to pretty much the same thing, how we may have performed the great journey; whether on foot, on horseback, or by ship . . . . we arrive at last, all of us, at the self-same hostelry, at the same miserable tavern, where they open the door with a shovel, where the chamber is so narrow, so cold, so dark, but where one sleeps well, almost too well . . . .

Whether we one day rise again? My waking thoughts would negative this question, and out of pure spirit of contradiction my dreams at night say, Yes. For instance, I dreamed not long since: I had walked out early in the morning to the churchyard, and there, to my greatest surprise,

I saw a pair of brightly polished boots standing by the side of every grave, as we see, it may be, at the room doors of the travellers in a hotel . . . . . It was an astounding sight; a quiet stillness reigned throughout the churchyard, the weary pilgrims of the earth were sleeping, grave beside grave, and the brightly polished boots, standing there in long rows, shone in the fresh light of morning, rich in hope, full of promise, a proof of the resurrection clear as the sun at noon-day.

I cannot exactly describe the spot where Börne's grave in Père-la-Chaise is to be found. I mention this expressly. For while he was alive, I was not unfrequently questioned by German travellers as to where Börne lived, and now I am often troubled with the inquiry, where does Börne lie buried? As far as I can learn, he lies at the far end on the right-hand side of the churchyard, among nothing but generals of the empire and actresses of the Théâtre Français . . . . . among dead eagles and dead parrots!

* * * * * * *

I lately read in the papers that the cross on Börne's grave had been thrown down during a storm. One of our younger poets has sung the

accident in a beautiful poem. So that Börne, who in his life-time had been altogether pelted with the rottenest apples of prose, now receives after his death the sweet incense of fragrant verses. The people willingly stone their prophets that they may the more fervently honour their relics; the dogs which bark at us to-day will be to-morrow religiously kissing our bones! —,—

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AND OTHER POEMS.

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